

Orberry's Edition.

LUST'S DOMINION,

A TRAGEDY;

BY

Christopher Marlow.

WITH PREFATORY REMARKS, NOTES, CRITICAL AND
EXPLANATORY.

BY W. OXBERRY

Comedian.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, BY W. SIMPKIN AND
R. MARSHALL, STATIONERS' COURT, LUDGATE STREET;
C. CHAPPLE, 66, PALL-MALL; AND SOLD BY W. AND
J. LOWNDES, 9, BRYDGES-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN.

1818.



W. OXBERRY AND CO. PRINTERS,
8, WHITE HART YARD.



Remarks.

CONSIDERED as a whole, nothing can well be worse than this Tragedy of “Lust’s Dominion:”—the plot is busy without interest, and the characters exaggerated without effect. The language is a singular and most unequal compound of sublimity and bombast; at one time it reminds us of Shakspeare, and, in the next moment, degenerates into downright madness. There is no conceivable mode of reconciling such excellence with such utter worthlessness: it is a perfect monster; the head of beauty on the body of a beast.

“I am impatient. Veins, why crack you not?
And tilt your blood into the face of heaven,
To make red clouds, like ensigns in the sky,
Displaying a damn’d tyrants cruelty.”

Wild as this is, it is quite sober to the following—

Now, tragedy, thou minion of the night,
Rhamnusia’s pew-fellow, to thee I’ll sing
Upon a harp, made of dead Spanish bones,
The proudest instrument the world affords:
When thou, in crimson jollity, shalt bathe
Thy limbs, as black as mine, in springs of blood,
Still gushing from the conduit head of Spain.

It is to be doubted whether madness can go beyond this; and yet, in the same play, we find many beautiful passages, like the following—

“Princes of Spain, if in this royal court
There sit a man, that having laid his hold
So fast on such a jewel, and dare wear it
In the contempt of envy, as I dare,

Yet uncompell'd (as freely as poor pilgrims
 Bestow their prayers) would give such wealth away;
 Let such a man step forth—what, do none rise?
 No, no, for kings, indeed, are deities;
 And who'd not (as the sun) in brightness shine?
 To be the greatest is to be divine.
 Who among millions, would not be the mightiest?
 To sit in godlike state; to have all eyes
 Dazzled with admiration, and all tongues
 Shouting loud prayers; to rob every heart
 Of love; to have the strength of every arm:
 A sovereign's name! why 'tis a sovereign charm."—

And this—

Q. Mo. "Sweet have done.

King. Have done! for what? For shedding zealous tears
 Over the tomb of virtuous chastity?
 You cry, have done, now I am doing good;
 But cry'd, do on, when you were shedding blood.
 Have you done, mother? Yes, yes, you have done
 That which will undo your unhappy son.

Rod. These words become you not, my gracious lord.

King. These words become not me? no more it did
 Become you, lords, to be mute standers-by,
 When lustful fury ravish'd chastity:
 It ill becomes me to lament her death;
 But it became you worse to stop her breath.
 Had she been fair, and not so virtuous.
 This deed had not been half so impious."

The masculine energy of the first of these extracts, and the pure simple pathos of the second, require no comment. After either of these we could not have transcribed six lines further without finding something disgusting from its utter insanity, or laughable from the bombast of its idea and expression.

As the merit of this piece consists only in isolated passages, we shall not attempt to enter into any general criticism; and the more, since, in the two former plays, we treated the subject largely, and we would fain hope, satisfactorily to the reader.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Eleazar, the Moor, Prince of Fesse and Barbary.
Philip, King of Spain; Father to Fernando, Philip, and Isabella.
Fernando, King of Spain, } Sons to Philip.
Philip, Prince of Spain, }
Alvero, a Nobleman, and Father-in-law to Eleazar, and Father to Hortenzo and Maria.
Mendoza, the Cardinal.
Christophero, } two Noblemen of Spain.
Roderigo, }
Hortenzo, Lover to Isabella, and Son to Alvero.
Zarack, } two Moors attending Eleazar.
Baltazar, }
Cole, } two Friars.
Crab, }
Emanuel, King of Portugal.
Captain, Soldiers, cum aliis.
Two Pages attending the Queen.

The Queen Mother of Spain, and Wife to King Philip.
Isabella, the Infanta of Spain.
Maria, Wife to Eleazar, and Daughter to Alvero.

The Scene, Spain.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Alonso, the Moor, Prince of Portugal and Algarve.
Philip, King of Spain, Father to Ferdinand, Philip, and Isabella.
Ferdinand, King of Spain, Son to Philip.
Philip, Prince of Spain, Son to Philip.
Isabella, a Noblewoman, and Mother-in-law to Alonso, and Sister to
Ferdinand and Philip.
Mendoza, the Cardinal.
Christopher, two Noblemen of Spain.
Rodrigo, Son to Isabella, and Son to Alonso.
Balthazar, two Maids attending Isabella.
Zoraida, two Maids attending Isabella.
Cole, two Priests.
Emanuel, King of Portugal.
Captain, Soldier, and a Wife.
Two Pages attending the Queen.
The Queen Mother of Spain, and Wife to King Philip.
Isabella, the Infanta of Spain.
Alonso, Wife to Alonso, and Daughter to Isabella.
The Scene, Spain.

LUST'S DOMINION.

*Enter ZARACK, BALTAZAR, two Moors, taking Tobacco; Music sounding within: enter QUEEN MOTHER OF SPAIN with two PAGES: ELEAZAR, sitting on a Chair, suddenly draws the Curtain.**

Elea. On me does music spend this sound! on me
That hate all unity! ah! Zarack, Baltazar!

Q. Mo. My gracious lord.

Elea. Are you there with your beagles? hark, you
slaves!

Did not I bind you on your lives to watch,
That none disturb'd us?

Q. Mo. Gentle Eleazar.

Elea. There, off: [*Exeunt two Moors.*] is't you that
deaf me with this noise.

Q. Mo. Why is my love's aspect so grim and hor-
rid?

Look smoothly on me;
Chime out your softest strains of harmony,
And on delicious music's silken wings
Send ravishing delight to my love's ears,
That he may be enamour'd of your tunes.
Come, let's kiss.

Elea. Away, away!

* The curtains, in front of the old theatres, divided in the middle, and was drawn to the sides. Beside the principal curtain, they sometimes used others as substitutes for scenes.

Q. Mo. No, no, says aye; and twice away, says stay :

Come, come, I'll have a kiss ; but, if you strive,
For one denial, you shall forfeit five.

Elea. Nay, pr'ythee, good queen, leave me ;
I am now sick, heavy, and dull as lead.

Q. Mo. I'll make thee lighter by taking something
from thee.

Elea. Do : take from me this ague, and these fits,
That, hanging on me,
Shake me in pieces, and set all my blood
A boiling with the fire of rage ; away, away !
Thou believ'st I jest,
And laugh'st to see my wrath wear antic shapes :
Begone, begone !

Q. Mo. What means my love ?
Burst all those wires : burn all those instruments ;
For they displease my Moor. Art thou now pleas'd ?
Or wert thou now disturb'd ? I'll wage all Spain,
To one sweet kiss, this is some new device
To make me fond and long. Oh ! you men
Have tricks to make poor women die for you.

Elea. What, die for me ? away !

Q. Mo. Away—what way ? I pr'ythee speak more
kindly ;
Why dost thou frown ? at whom ?

Elea. At thee.

Q. Mo. At me !

Oh ! why at me ? For each contracted frown,
A crooked wrinkle interlines my brow :
Spend but one hour in frowns, and I shall look
Like to a beldam of one-hundred years.
I pr'ythee, speak to me, and chide me not.
I pr'ythee, chide, if I have done amiss ;
But let my punishment be this, and this. (*Kisses him.*)
I pr'ythee, smile on me, if but awhile,
Then frown on me, I'll die : I pr'ythee, smile :
Smile on me, and these two wanton boys,
These pretty lads that do attend on me,
Shall call thee Jove, shall wait upon thy cup,

And fill thee nectar : their enticing eyes
 Shall serve as crystal, wherein thou may'st see
 To dress thyself, if thou wilt smile on me.
 Smile on me, and with coronets of pearl,
 And bells of gold, circling their pretty arms ;
 In a round ivory fount these two shall swim,
 And dive to make thee sport :
 Bestow one smile, one little, little smile,
 And, in a net of twisted silk and gold,
 In my all-naked arms thyself shalt lie.

Elea. Why, what to do ? Lust's arms do stretch so
 wide,

That none can fill them : I'll lie there, away !

Q. Mo. Where hast thou learn'd this language, that
 can say

No more but two rude words ? away, away !

Am I grown ugly now ?

Elea. Ugly as hell.

Q. Mo. Thou lov'dst me once.

Elea. That can thy bastards tell.

Q. Mo. What is my sin ? I will amend the same.

Elea. Hence, strumpet ! use of sin makes thee past
 shame.

Q. Mo. Strumpet !

Elea. Aye, strumpet.

Q. Mo. Too true 'tis—woe is me !

I am a strumpet, but made so by thee.

Elea. By me !

No, no, by these young bawds : fetch thee a glass,

And thou shalt see the balls of both thine eyes

Burning in fire of lust. By me ! there's here

Within this hollow cistern of thy breast,

A spring of hot blood : have not I to cool it

Made an extraction to the quintessence,

Even of my soul ; melted all my spirits,

Ravish'd my youth, deflour'd my lovely cheeks,

And dried this, this, to an anatomy,

Only to feed your lust ? (these boys have ears,)

Yet would'st thou murder me.

Q. Mo. I murder thee !

Elea. I cannot ride through the Castilian streets,
 But thousand eyes, through windows and through
 doors,
 Throw killing looks at me; and every slave
 At Eleazar darts a finger out,
 And every hissing tongue cries, "There's the Moor;
 That's he that makes a cuckold of our king;
 There goes the minion of the Spanish queen;
 That's the black prince of devils; there goes he,
 That on smooth boys, on masks, and revellings,
 Spends the revenues of the king of Spain."
 Who arms this many-headed beast, but you?
 Murder and lust are twins, and both are thine.
 Being weary of me, thou would'st worry me,
 Because some new love makes thee loathe thine old.

Q. Mo. Eleazar—

Elea. Harlot, I'll not hear thee speak.

Q. Mo. I'll kill myself unless thou hear'st me speak.
 My husband-king upon his death-bed lies,
 Yet have I stol'n from him to look on thee:
 A queen hath made herself thy concubine,
 Yet dost thou now abhor me; hear me speak,
 Else shall my sons plague thy adult'rous wrongs,
 And tread upon thy heart for murd'ring me:
 This tongue hath murder'd me. Cry murder, boys.

2 Boys. Murder! the queen's murder'd!

Elea. Love! slaves, peace!

2 Boys. Murder! the queen's murder'd!

Elea. Stop your throats!

Hark! hush, you squaller. Dear love, look up:
 Our chamber-window stares into the court,
 And every wide-mouth'd ear, hearing this news,
 Will give alarum to the cuckold king:
 I did dissemble when I chid my love,
 And that dissembling was to try my love.

Q. Mo. Thou call'dst me strumpet.

Elea. I'll tear out my tongue
 From this black temple for blaspheming thee.

Q. Mo. And when I woo'd thee but to smile on
 me,
 Thou cry'dst away, away, and frown'dst upon me.

Elea. Come,
 Now I'll kiss thee; now I'll smile upon thee;
 Call to thy ashy cheeks their wonted red;
 Come, frown not, pout not; smile, smile upon me,
 And with my poniard will I stab my flesh,
 And quaff carouses to thee of my blood;
 Whilst, in moist nectar kisses, thou dost pledge me.

Enter ZARACK.

How now, why star'st thou thus?

Zar. The king is dead!

Elea. Ah! dead!

You hear this? Is't true, is't true? The king dead!

(Knocking without.)

Who dare knock thus?

Zar. It is the cardinal,
 Making inquiry if the queen were here.

Elea. See, she's here; tell him—and yet, Zarack,
 stay.

Enter BALTAZAR.

Bal. Don Roderigo's come to seek the queen.

Elea. Why should Roderigo seek her here?

Bal. The king hath swounded thrice; and being
 recover'd,
 Sends up and down the court to seek her grace.

Elea. The king was dead with you. Run, and
 with a voice,

Erected high as mine, say thus, thus threaten,
 To Roderigo and the cardinal:

Seek no queens here, I'll broach them if they do
 Upon my falchion's point: *(Knock again.)*

Again! more knocking!

Zar. Your father is at hand, my gracious lord.

Elea. Lock all the chambers, bar him out, you
 apes:

Hither, a vengeance! stir Eugenia,

You know your old walk under ground; away!

So down, hie to the king ; quick, quick, you squalls,
Crawl with your dam i' th' dark ; dear love, farewell ;
(*Eleazar shuts them in.*)

One day I hope to shut you up in hell.

Enter ALVERO.

Alv. Son Eleazar, saw you not the queen ?

Elea. Hah !

Alv. Was not the queen here with you ?

Elea. Queen with me !

Because, my lord, I'm married to your daughter,
You, like your daughter, will grow jealous :
The queen with me ! with me, a Moor, a devil,
A slave of Barbary, a dog ; for so
Your silken courtiers christen me : but, father,
Although my flesh be tawny, in my veins
Runs blood as red, as royal, as the best
And proudest in all Spain ; there does, old man.
My father, who with his empire lost his life,
And left me captive to a Spanish tyrant ;
Oh !

Go tell him, Spanish tyrant ; tell him, do.
He that can lose a kingdom, and not rave,
He's a tame jade ; I am not : tell old Philip
I call him tyrant ; here's a sword and arms,
A heart, a head, and so, pish—'tis but death.
Old fellow, she's not here : but ere I die,
Sword, I'll bequeath thee a rich legacy.

Alv. Watch fitter hours to think on wrongs than
now ;

Death's frozen hand holds royal Philip's heart ;
Half of his body lies within a grave ;
Then do not now by quarrels shake that state,
Which is already too much ruinate.
Come, and take leave of him before he die. [*Exit.*]

Elea. I'll follow you. Now purple villany,
Sit, like a robe, imperial on my back,
That under thee I closelier may contrive
My vengeance ; foul deeds hid, do sweetly thrive.

Mischief erect thy throne, and sit in state,
 Here, here, upon this head ; let fools fear fate,
 Thus I defy my stars : I care not, I,
 How low I tumble down, so I mount high :
 Old time, I'll wait bare-headed at thy heels,
 And be a foot-boy to thy winged hours ;
 They shall not tell one minute out in sands,
 But I'll set down the number ; I'll still wake
 And waste these balls of sight, by tossing them
 In busy observations upon thee,
 Sweet opportunity ! I'll bind myself
 To thee in base apprenticeship so long,
 Till on thy naked scalp grow hair as thick
 As mine, and all hands shall lay hold on thee,
 If thou wilt lend me but thy rusty scythe,
 To cut down all that stand within my wrongs,
 And my revenge. Love, dance in twenty forms
 Upon my beauty, that this Spanish dame
 May be bewitch'd and doat ; her amorous flames
 Shall blow up the old king, consume his sons,
 And make all Spain a bonfire.
 This tragedy being acted, hers doth begin ;
 To shed a harlot's blood can be no sin. [Exit.

The curtain being drawn, there appears in his bed
 KING PHILIP, with his Lords ; the PRINCESS ISA-
 BELLA at the feet, MENDOZA, ALVERO, HORTENZO,
 FERNANDO, RODERIGO ; and to them enter the
 QUEEN in haste.

Q. Mo. Whose was that screech-owl's voice, that,
 like the sound
 Of a hell-tortur'd soul, rung through mine ears
 Nothing but horrid shrieks, nothing but death ?
 Whilst I, vailing my knees to the cold earth,
 Drowning my wither'd cheeks in my warm tears,
 And stretching out my arms to pull from heav'n
 Health for the royal majesty of Spain,
 All cried, the majesty of Spain is dead !

That last word—dead!—struck through the echoing
air,

Rebounded on my heart, and smote me down
Breathless to the cold earth, and made me leave*
My pray'rs for Philip's life; but, thanks to heaven,
I see him live, and lives, I hope, to see
Unnumber'd years to guide this empery.

K. Phil. The number of my years ends in one day :
Ere this sun's down, all a king's glory sets,
For all our lives are but death counterfeits.
Father Mendoza, and you peers of Spain,
Dry your wet eyes; for sorrow wanteth force,
T' inspire a breathing soul in a dead corse;
Such is your king. Where's Isabel, our daughter?

Men. At your bed's feet, confounded in her tears.

K. Phil. She of your grief the heaviest burthen
bears;
You can but lose a king, but she a father.

Q. Mo. She bear the heaviest burthen! Oh! say
rather
I bear, and am borne down; my sorrowing
Is for a husband's loss—loss of a king.

K. Phil. No more. Alvero call the princess hither.

Alv. Madam, his majesty doth call for you.

K. Phil. Come hither, Isabella, reach a hand,
Yet now it shall not need: instead of thine,
Death, shoving thee back, clasps his hands in mine,
And bids me come away: I must, I must,
Though kings be gods on earth, they turn to dust.
Is not prince Philip come from Portugal?

Rod. The prince, as yet, is not return'd, my lord.

K. Phil. Commend me to him if I ne'er behold
him.

This tells the order of my funeral;
Do it as 'tis set down; embalm my body;
Though worms do make no difference of flesh,
Yet kings are curious here to dig their graves;

* *Leave*—i. e. cease.—*Vide Edward the Second*, p. 21.

Such is man's frailty : when I am embalm'd,
Apparel me in a rich royal robe,
According to the custom of the land ;
Then place my bones within that brazen shrine,
Which death hath builded for my ancestors ;
I cannot name death, but he straight steps in,
And pulls me by the arm.

Fer. His grace doth faint,
Help me, my lords, softly to raise him up.

Enter ELEAZAR, and stands sadly by.

K. Phil. Lift me not up, I shortly must go down.
When a few dribbling minutes have run out,
Mine hour's ended. King of Spain, farewell ;
You all acknowledge him your sovereign ?

All. When you are dead, we will acknowledge him.

K. Phil. Govern this kingdom well : to be a king
Is given to many ; but to govern well,
Granted to few. Have care to Isabel,
Her virtue was king Philip's looking-glass ;
Reverence the queen your mother ; love your sister,
And the young prince your brother : even that day,
When Spain shall solemnize my obsequies,
And lay me up in earth, let them crown you.
Where's Eleazar, don Alvero's son ?

Fer. Yonder, with cross'd arms, stands he malcontent.

K. Phil. I do commend him to thee for a man
Both wise and warlike ; yet beware of him :
Ambition wings his spirit ; keep him down ;
What will not men attempt to win a crown ?
Mendoza is protector of thy realm,
I did elect him for his gravity ;
I trust he'll be a father to thy youth.
Call help, Fernando, now I faint, indeed.

Fer. My lords !

K. Phil. Let none, with a distracted voice,
Shriek out, and trouble me in my departure.

Heaven's hands, I see, are beckoning for my soul ;
 I come, I come ; thus do the proudest die ;
 Death hath no mercy ; life no certainty. (*Dies.*)

Men. As yet his soul's not from her temple gone,
 Therefore, forbear loud lamentation.

Q. Mo. Oh ! he's dead, he's dead ! lament and
 die ;

In her king's end begins Spain's misery.

Isa. He shall not end so soon. Father, dear father !

Fer. Forbear, sweet Isabella, shrieks are vain.

Isa. You cry forbear ; you, by his loss of breath,
 Have won a kingdom ; you may cry forbear :
 But I have lost a father and a king,
 And no tongue shall control my sorrowing.

I will go—

Hor. Whither, good Isabella ?

Isa. Where I will languish in eternal woe.

Hor. Nay, gentle love.

Isa. Talk not of love to me,
 The world, and the world's pride, henceforth I'll
 scorn. [*Exit.*]

Hor. My love shall follow thee ; if thou deny'st
 To live with poor Hortenzo as his wife,
 I'll never change my love, but change, my life.

Enter PHILIP hastily.

Phil. I know he is not dead ; I know proud death
 Durst not behold such sacred majesty.

Why stand you thus distracted ? Mother, brother,
 My lord Mendoza, where's my royal father ?

Q. Mo. Here lies the temple of his royal soul.

Fer. Here's all that's left of Philip's majesty ;
 Wash you his tomb with tears, Fernando's moan,
 Hating a partner, shall be spent alone. [*Exit.*]

Phil. Oh, happy father ! miserable son !
 Philip is gone to joy, Philip's forlorn,
 He dies to live, my life with woe is torn.

Q. Mo. Sweet son.

Phil. Sweet mother : Oh ! how I now do shame
To lay on one so foul, so fair a name :
Had you been a true mother, a true wife,
This king had not so soon been robb'd of life.

Q. Mo. What means this rage, my son ?

Phil. Call not me your son.
My father, whilst he liv'd, tir'd his strong arms
In bearing christian armour 'gainst the Turks,
And spent his brains in warlike stratagems,
To bring confusion on damn'd infidels :
Whilst you, that snorted here at home, betray'd
His name to everlasting infamy ;
Whilst you at home, suffer'd his bed-chamber
To be a brothelry ; whilst you at home,
Suffer'd his queen to be a concubine,
And wanton red-cheek'd boys to be her bawds ;
Whilst you reeking in that lecher's arms—

Elea. Me !

Phil. Villain, 'tis thee ;
Thou hell-begotten fiend ; at thee I stare.

Q. Mo. Philip, thou art a villain to dishonour me.

Phil. Mother, I am no villain : 'tis this villain
Dishonours you and me, dishonours Spain,
Dishonours all these lords ; this devil is he,
That—

Elea. What ! oh, pardon me, I must throw off
All chains of duty wert thou ten kings' sons ;
Had I as many souls as I have sins,
As this from hence, (*drawing*) so they from this should fly,
In just revenge of this indignity.

Phil. Give way, or I'll make way upon your bosoms.

Elea. Did my dear sovereign live, sirrah, that
tongue—

Q. Mo. Did but King Philip live, traitor, I'd tell—

Phil. A tale that should rid both your souls to hell.
Tell Philip's ghost, that Philip tells his queen,
That Philip's queen is a Moor's concubine ;
Did the king live, I'd tell him how you two
Ripp'd up the entrails of his treasury,
With masks and antic revellings.

Elea. Words insupportable! Dost hear me, boy?

Q. Mo. Stand you all still, and see me thus trod down?

Phil. Stand you all still, yet let this devil stand here?

Men. Forbear, sweet prince: Eleazar, I am now Protector to Fernando, king of Spain; By that authority, and by consent Of all these peers, I utterly deprive thee Of all those royalties thou hold'st in Spain.

Q. Mo. Cardinal, who lends thee this commission?

Elea. Cardinal, I'll shorten thee by the head for this.

Phil. Forward, my lord Mendoza, damn the fiend.

Elea. Princes of Spain, consent you to this pride?

All. We do.

Q. Mo. For what cause? Let his faith be tried.

Men. His treasons need no trial, they're too plain. Come not within the court, for if you do To beg with Indian slaves I'll banish you.

[*Exeunt all but Alvero, Queen, and Eleazar.*]

Alv. Why should my son be banished?

Enter MARIA.

Q. Mo. Of that, dispute not now. Alvero, I'll to the king my son; it shall be tried, If Castile's king can cool a cardinal's pride.

[*Exeunt Queen and Alvero.*]

Elea. If I digest this gall—oh! my Maria, I am whipp'd, and rack'd, and torn upon the wheel Of giddy fortune; she, and her minions, Have got me down, and treading on my bosom, They cry, lie still: the cardinal, (Oh! rare) would bandy me away from Spain, And banish me to beg; ah! beg with slaves.

Mar. Conquer with patience these indignities.

Elea. Patience! ha, ha! yes, yes, an honest cardinal.

Mar. Yet smother the grief, and seek revenge.

Elea. Hah! banish me! s'foot, why say they do,

There's Portugal a good air, and France a fine country,
 Or Barbary rich, and has Moors ; the Turk,
 Pure devil, and allows enough to fat
 The sides of villany—good living there ;
 I can live there, and there, and there ;
 Troth 'tis a villain can live any where.
 But, say I go from hence, I leave behind me
 A cardinal that will laugh ; I leave behind me
 A Philip that will clap his hands for joy,
 And dance lavoltas* through the Castile court ;
 But the deep'st wound of all is this, I leave
 My wrongs, dishonours, and my discontents,
 Oh ! unreveng'd ; my bed-rid enemies
 Shall never be rais'd up by the strong physical
 Curing of my sword ; therefore stay still ;
 Many have hearts to strike, that dare not kill.
 Leave me, Maria. Cardinal, this disgrace
 Shall dye thy soul as inky as my face.
 Pish ! hence Maria.

Enter ALVERO.

Mar. To the king I'll fly,
 He shall revenge my lord's indignity. *[Exit.]*

Alv. Mendoza woos the king to banish thee.
 Startle thy wonted spirits, awake thy soul,
 And on thy resolution fasten wings,
 Whose golden feathers may outstrip their hate.

Elea. I'll tie no golden feathers to my wings.

Alv. Shall they thus tread thee down, which once
 were glad
 To lacquey by thy conquering chariot wheels ?

Elea. I care not, I can swallow more sour wrongs.

Alv. If they triumph o'er thee, they'll spurn me
 down.

Elea. Look—spurn again.

* *Lavolta*:—A dance of Italian origin ; and thence imported into this country. It has again lately made its appearance under the German name of the Waltz, in utter defiance of common sense and common decency.

Alv. What ice hath cool'd that fire,
Which sometimes made thy thoughts to heaven as-
pire?

This patience had not wont to dwell with thee.

Elea. 'Tis right, but now the world's chang'd you
see;

Though I seem dead to you, here lives a fire—
No more, here comes the king and my Maria:
The Spaniard loves my wife, she swears to me
She's chaste as the white moon; well, if she be;
Well too if she be not; I care not I;
I'll climb up by that love to dignity. (*Retires.*)

Enter FERNANDO and MARIA.

Fer. Thou woo'st me to revenge thy husband's wrong,
I woo thy fair self not to wrong thyself;
Swear but to love me, and to thee I'll swear
To crown thy husband with a diadem.

Mar. Such love as I dare yield, I'll not deny.

Fer. When in the golden arms of majesty—
I am broke off;—yonder thy husband stands;
I'll set him free if thou unite my bands;
So much for that.—Durst then the cardinal
Put on such insolence? tell me, fair madam,
Where's your most valiant husband?

Elea. He sees me, and yet inquires for me.

Mar. Yonder my lord.

Fer. Eleazar, I have in my breast writ down,
From her report, your late receiv'd disgrace;
My father lov'd you dearly, so will I.

Elea. True, for my wife's sake. (*Aside.*)

Fer. This indignity
Will I have interest in; for being your king,
You shall perceive I'll curb my underling.
This morning is our coronation,
And father's funeral, solemnized;
Be present, step into your wonted place,
We'll gild your dim disgraces with our grace.

[*Exeunt Fer. and Mar.*

Elea. I thank my sovereign—that you love my wife;

I thank thee, wife, that thou wilt lock my head
 In such strong armour to bear off all blows ;
 Who dare say such wives are their husband's foes ?
 Let's see now, by her falling I must rise ;
 Cardinal, you die if the king bid me live ;
 Philip, you die, for railing at me ; proud lord, you die,
 That with Mendoza cry'd, banish the Moor.
 And you, my loving liege, you're best sit fast,
 If all these live not, you must die at last. [*Exit.*]

*Enter two LORDS, PHILIP, MENDOZA, ELEAZAR,
 with him the KING crowned ; QUEEN MOTHER,
 ALVERON, ZARACK, BALTAZAR, and Attendants.*

Men. Why stares this devil thus, as if pale death
 Had made his eyes the dreadful messengers
 To carry black destruction to the world ?
 Was he not banish'd Spain ?

Phil. Your sacred mouth
 Pronounc'd the sentence of his banishment :
 Then spurn the villain forth.

Elea. Who spurns the Moor,
 Were better set his foot upon the devil.
 Do spurn me, and this confounding arm of wrath
 Shall, like a thunderbolt breaking the clouds,
 Divide his body from his soul ! Stand back.
 Spurn Eleazar !

Rod. Shall we bear this pride ?

Alv. Why not ? he underwent much injury.

Men. What injury have we perform'd, proud lord ?

Elea. Proud cardinal, my unjust banishment.

Men. 'Twas we that did it, and our words are laws.

King. 'Twas we repeal'd him and our words are laws.

Zar. and Bal. If not, these are. (*All the Moors draw.*)

Phil. How ! threaten'd and out-dar'd !

King. Shall we give arm to hostile violence ?
 Sheath your swords ; sheath them ; it's we command.

Elea. Grant Eleazar justice, my dread liege.

Men. Eleazar hath had justice from our hands,
 And he stands banish'd from the court of Spain.

King. Have you done justice? Why, Lord Cardinal?

From whom do you derive authority
To banish him the court without our leave?

Men. From this—the staff of our protectorship;
From this—which the last will of your dead father
Committed to our trust; from this high place—
Which lifts Mendoza's spirits beyond the pitch
Of ordinary honour; and from this—

[King takes the staff from Mendoza and gives it to Eleazar.]

King. Which too much over-weening insolence
Hath quite ta'en from thee. Eleazar up,
And from us sway this staff of regency.

All. How's this!

Phil. Dare sons presume to break their father's
will?

King. Dare subjects counter-check their sovereign's
will?

'Tis done, and who gainsays it is a traitor.

Phil. I do, Fernando, yet am I no traitor.

Men. Fernando, I am wrong'd; by Peter's chair,
Mendoza vows revenge. I'll lay aside
My cardinal's hat, and, in a wall of steel,
The glorious livery of a soldier,
Fight for my late lost honour.

King. Cardinal!

Men. King! thou shalt be no king for wronging me.
The pope shall send his bulls through all thy realm,
And pull obedience from thy subjects' hearts,
To put on armour of the mother church.
Curses shall fall like lightnings on thy head;
Bell, book, and candle,* holy water, prayers,
Shall all chime vengeance to the court of Spain,
Till they have power to conjure down that fiend,
That damn'd Moor—that devil—that lucifer,

* *Bell, book, &c.*

“Bell, book, and candle, shall not drive we back,
When gold and silver beck me to come on.”

King John, a. 3. s. 3.

That dares aspire the staff the card'nal sway'd.

Elea. Ha! ha! ha! I laugh yet, that the cardinal's vext.

Phil. Laugh'st thou, base slave! the wrinkles of that scorn;

Thine own heart's blood shall fill. Brother, farewell;
Since you disprove the will our father left,
For base lust of a loathed concubine.

Elea. Ha! concubine! who does Prince Philip mean?

Phil. (*To Elea.*) Thy wife—(*To Alv.*) Thy daughter,—base aspiring lords;

Who, to buy honour, are content to sell
Your names to infamy—your souls to hell.

And stamp you now? Do, do, for you shall see
I go for vengeance, and she'll come with me.

Elea. Stay, for she's here already; see, proud boy.
(*They both draw.*)

Q. Mo. Hold! Stay this fury! if you long for blood,
Murder me first. Dear son, you are a king;
Then stay the violent tempest of their wrath.

King. Shall kings be overstay'd in their desires?

Rod. Shall subjects be oppress'd by tyranny?

Q. Mo. No state shall suffer wrong; then hear me speak:

Mendoza, you have sworn you love the queen;
Then, by that love, I charge you leave these arms.

Eleazar, for those favours I have given you,
(*Aside to him.*)

Embrace the cardinal, and be friends with him.

Elea. And have my wife call'd strumpet to my face!

Q. Mo. (*Aside to Eleazar.*) 'Twas rage made his
tongue err; do you not know

The violent love Mendoza bears the queen?

Then speak him fair; for, in that honied breath,
I'll lay a bait shall train him to his death.

Come, come, I see your looks give way to peace;
Lord Cardinal begin; (*aside*) and for reward,

Ere this fair setting sun behold his bride,*
Be bold to challenge love, nor† be denied.

Men. (Aside.) That promise makes me yield,—my
gracious lord,
Although my disgrace hath graven its memory
On every Spaniard's eye, yet shall the duty
I owe your sacred highness, and the love
My country challengeth, make me lay by
Hostile intendments, and return again
To the fair circle of obedience.

King. Both pardon and our favour bids you welcome ;
And for some satisfaction for your wrongs,
We here create you Salamanca's duke :
But, first, as a true sign all grudges die,
Shake hands with Eleazar, and be friends ;
This union pleaseth us. Now, brother Philip,
You are included in this league of love,
So is Roderigo. To forget all wrongs,
Your castle for a while shall bid us welcome ;
Eleazar, shall it not ? It is enough.
Lords, lead the way,—(*aside*), that whilst you feast
yourselves,
Fernando may find time all means to prove,
To compass fair Maria for our love. [*Exeunt.*

Enter QUEEN MOTHER and ELEAZAR.

Elea. Madam, a word : now have you wit or spirit ?

Q. Mo. Both.

Elea. Set them both to a most gainful task.
Our enemies are in my castle-work.

Q. Mo. Aye ; but the king's there too ; its dangerous pride

* *i. e.*—before the setting sun behold his bride (the sun's bride, the ocean) do you challenge love, &c.—In the old copy, the passage is perplexed by the punctuation.

† *Nor* :—The old copy reads “yet,” but the contrary meaning is requisite to agree with the reply of Mendoza.

To strike at those that crouch by a lion's side.

Elea. Remove them.

Q. Mo. How?

Elea. How! a thousand ways:

By poison, or by this: (*Showing a dagger*) but every
groom

Has skill in such base traffic; no, our policies
Must look more strange—must fly with loftier wings;
Vengeance, the higher it falls, more honour brings;
But you are cold—you dare not do.

Q. Mo. I dare.

Elea. You have a woman's heart, look you, this
hand,

Oh! 'tis too little to strike home.

Q. Mo. At whom?

Elea. Your son.

Q. Mo. Which son—the king?

Elea. Angels of Heaven,

Stand like his guard about him! How! the king!

Not for so many worlds as there be stars

Sticking upon th' embroider'd firmament.

The king! he loves my wife, and, should he die,

I know none else would love her; let him live—

(*Aside*) In heaven. Good Lord Philip—

Q. Mo. He shall die.

Elea. How? Good, good.

Q. Mo. By this hand.

Elea. When? Good, good; when?

Q. Mo. This night, if Eleazar give consent.

Elea. Why, then, this night Philip shall not live

To see you kill him! Is he not your son?

A mother be the murd'rer of a brat

That liv'd within her! hah!

Q. Mo. 'Tis for thy sake.

Elea. Pish! What excuses cannot damn'd sin make

To save itself! I know you love him well;

But that he has an eye, an eye, an eye.

To others, our two hearts seem to be lock'd

Up in a case of steel; upon our love, others

Dare not look; or, if they dare, they cast

Squint, purblind glances; who cares,* though all see all,
 So long as none dare speak? But Philip
 Knows that iron ribs of our villains
 Are thin: he laughs to see them like this hand,
 With chinks and crevices; oh! † a villanous,
 A stabbing, desperate tongue! the boy dares speak:
 A mouth! a villanous mouth! let's muzzle him.

Q. Mo. How?

Elea. Thus:

Go you, and with a face well set,—do—
 In good sad colours, such as paint out
 The cheek of that fool penitence, and with a tongue
 Made clean and glib, cull from their lazy swarm
 Some honest friars, whom that damnation gold
 Can tempt to lay their souls to the stake.
 Seek such; they are rank and thick.

Q. Mo. What then? I know such; what's the use?

Elea. This is excellent!

Hire these to write books, preach, and proclaim abroad,
 That your son Philip is a bastard.

Q. Mo. How?

Elea. A bastard. Do you know a bastard? do't:
 Say conscience spake with you, and cry'd out do't;
 By this means shall you thrust him from all hope
 Of wearing Castile's diadem, and that spur,
 Gallling his sides, he will fly out, and fling,
 And grind the cardinal's heart to a new edge
 Of discontent; from discontent grows treason,
 And on the stalk of treason, death: he's dead,
 By this blow, and by you; yet no blood shed.
 Do't then; by this trick he's gone.

We stand more sure in climbing high;

Care not who fall, 'tis real policy:

Are you armed to do this? hah!

Q. Mo. Sweet Moor, its done.

Elea. Away, then, work with boldness and with speed;
 On greatest actions, greatest danger feed:

[*Exit Queen Mother.*

* Old copy reads *care*.

† Old copy reads *how*.

Ha ! ha ! I thank thee, provident creation,
 That seeing in moulding me thou didst intend
 I should prove villain ; thanks to thee and nature,
 That skilful workman : thanks for my face !
 Thanks that I have not wit to blush !
 What, Zarack ! ho ! Baltazar !

Enter the two MOORS.

Both. My lord.

Elea. Nearer ; so, silence.

Hang both your greedy ears upon my lips ;
 Let them devour my speech, suck in my breath,
 And he,* who lets it break prison, here's his death :
 This night the card'nal shall be murder'd.

Both. Where ?

Elea. And to fill up a grave, Philip dies.

Both. Where ?

Elea. Here.

Both. By whom ?

Elea. By thee ; and, slave, by thee.

Have you hearts and hands to execute ?

Zar. Here's both.

Bal. He dies, were he my father.

Elea. Ho, away.

Stay ;—go, go ;—stay ;—see me no more till night,
 Your cheeks are black—let not your souls look white.

Both. Till night ?

Elea. Till night : a word ; the Mother Queen
 Is trying if she can with fire of gold
 Warp the green consciences of two covetous friars,
 To preach abroad Philip's bastardy.

Zar. His bastardy ! who was his father ?

Elea. Who ?

Search for these friars, hire them to work with you ;
 Their holy callings will approve the fact,
 Most good and meritorious : sin shines clear,
 When her black face religion's mask doth wear.
 Here comes the queen—good—and the friars.

[Exeunt Moors.]

* Old copy reads *in*.

Enter two Friars, CRAB and COLE, and QUEEN MOTHER.

Cole. Your son a bastard? say we do;
But how then shall we deal with you?
I tell you, as I said before,
His being a bastard, you are so poor
In honour and in name, that time
Can never take away the crime.

Q. Mo. I grant that, friar; yet rather I'll endure
The wound of infamy to kill my name,
Than to see Spain bleeding with civil swords.
The boy is proud, ambitious, he woos greatness;
He takes up Spanish hearts on trust, to pay them
When he shall finger Castile's crown. Oh! then,
Were it not better my disgrace were known,
Than such a base aspirer fill the throne?

Cole. Ha! brother Crab, what think you?

Crab. As you, dear brother Cole.

Cole. Then we agree;
Cole's judgment is as Crab's you see.
Lady, we swear to speak and write
What you please, so all go right.

Q. Mo. Then, as we gave directions, spread abroad
In Cadiz, Madrid, Granada, and Medyna,
And all the royal cities of the realm,
Th' ambitious hopes of that proud bastard Philip:
And sometimes, as you see occasion,
Tickle the ears of the rude multitude
With Eleazar's praise; gild his virtues,
Naples' recovery, and his victories
Achiev'd against the Turkish Ottoman.
Will you do this for us?

Elea. Say, will you?

Both. Aye.

Elea. Why start you back and stare?
Ha! are you afraid?

Cole. Oh! no, sir, no! but truth to tell,
Seeing your face we thought of hell.

Elea. Hell is a dream.

Cole. But none do dream in hell.

Elea. Friars, stand to her and me; and by your sin,
I'll shoulder out Mendoza from his seat,
And of two friars create you cardinals.
Oh how would cardinal's hats on their heads sit!

Cole. This face would look most goodly under it.
Friars Crab and Cole do swear,
In those circles still to appear,
In which she or you do charge us rise;
For you our lives we'll sacrifice.

Valete, Gaudete:

Si pereamus, flete;

Orate pro nobis,

Oramus pro vobis.

Cole will be burnt, and Crab be press'd,
Ere they prove knaves; thus are you cross'd and bless'd.
[*Exeunt Friars.*]

Elea. Away! you. Now, madam, none shall throw
Their leaden envy in an opposite scale,
To weigh down our true golden happiness.

Q. Mo. Yes, there is one.

Elea. One! who? Give me his name, and I will
Turn it to a magic spell,
To bind him here, here; who?

Q. Mo. Your wife, Maria.

Elea. Hah! my Maria!

Q. Mo. She's the Hellespont divides my love and me:
She, being cut off—

Elea. Stay, stay; cut off! let's think upon't; my
wife!

Humph! kill her too!

Q. Mo. Does her love make thee cold?

Elea. Had I a thousand wives, down go they all.
She dies; I'll cut her off: now Baltazar!

Enter BALTAZAR.

Bal. Madam, the king entreats your company.

Q. Mo. His pleasure be obey'd. Dear love, farewell;
Remember your Maria. [Exit.]

Elea. Here adieu;
With this I'll guard her while it stabs at you.

Bal. My lord, the friars are won to join with us.

Elea. Be prosperous! About it Baltazar.

Bal. The watch-word?

Elea. Oh, the word! Let it be Treason.
When we cry treason, break ope chamber doors,
Kill Philip and the cardinal. Hence!

Bal. I fly: [Exit.]

Elea. Murder, now ride in triumph; darkness,
horror,
Thus I invoke your aid; your act begin;
Night is a glorious robe for th' ugliest sin. [Exit.]

*Enter COLE and CRAB in Trowsers; the CARDINAL
in one of their Weeds, and PHILIP putting on the
other.*

Cole. Put on, my lord, and fly, or else you die.

Phil. I will not, I will die first; cardinal,
Prithee good cardinal, pluck off; friars! slave
Murder us two! he shall not, by this sword.

Car. My lord, you will endanger both our lives.

Phil. I care not; I'll kill some before I die.
Away! s'heart, take your rags! Moor, devil, come.

Cole. My lord, put on, or else—

Phil. God's foot, come, help.

Car. Ambitious villain! Philip let us fly
Into the chamber of the Mother Queen.

Phil. Thunder beat down the lodgings.

Car. Else let's break into the chamber of the king,

Phil. Agreed.

A pox upon these lousy gabardines.

Agreed; I am for you, Moor; stand side by side;
Come, hands off; leave your ducking; hell cannot fright
Their spirits that do desperately fight.

Cole. You are too rash; you are too hot;

Wild desperateness doth valour blot.
 The lodging of the king's beset,
 With staring faces black as jet,
 And hearts of iron; your deaths are vow'd
 If you fly that way; therefore shroud
 Your body in friar Cole's grey weed;
 For is't not madness, man, to bleed,
 When you may 'scape untouch'd away?
 Here's hell, here's heav'n; if here you stay
 You're gone, you're gone; friar Crab and I
 Will here dance friskin, whilst you fly.
 Gag us, bind us; come, put on;
 The gag's too wide, so, gone, gone, gone!

Phil. Oh! well, I'll come again. Lord Cardinal,
 Take you your castle, I'll to Portugal.
 I vow I'll come again, and if I do—

Car. Nay, good my lord.

Phil. Black devil, I'll conjure you.

[*Exeunt Car. and Phil.*]

*To the FRIARS making a noise, gagged and bound,
 enter ELEAZAR, ZARACK, BALTAZAR, and other
 Moors, all with their Swords drawn.*

Elea. Guard all the passages; Zarack, stand there;
 There Baltazar; there you; the friars,
 Where have you plac'd the friars?

All. My lord, a noise!*

Balt. The friars are gagg'd and bound.

Elea. 'Tis Philip and the cardinal; shoot! hah!
 stay,

Unbind them. Where's Mendoza and the prince?

Cole. Santa Maria, who can tell!

By Peter's keys they bound us well,
 And having crack'd our shaven crowns,
 They have escap'd you in our gowns.

Elea. Escap'd! escap'd away! I'm glad, it's good;
 I would their arms may turn to eagle's wings,

* In the original this speech is given to Alvero; but it is evidently an error, as he does not enter till some time after.

To fly as swift as time ; sweet air give way ;
 Winds, leave your two and thirty palaces,
 And, meeting all in one, join all your might,
 To give them speedy and a prosperous flight.
 Escap'd, friars ! which way ?

Both. This way.

Elea. Good ! Alas, what sin is't to shed innocent blood !

For look you, holy men, it is the king,
 The king, the king ! See, friars, sulphury wrath
 Having once enter'd into royal breasts,
 Mark how it burns : the queen, Philip's mother,
 Oh, most unnatural ! will have you two
 Divulge abroad that he's a bastard. Oh !
 Will you do't ?

Crab. What says my brother friar ?

Cole. A prince's love is balm, their wrath a fire.

Crab. 'Tis true ; but yet I'll publish no such thing :
 What fool would lose his soul to please a king ?

Elea. Keep there, good there ; yet, for it wounds
 my soul,

To see the miserablest wretch to bleed ;
 I counsel you, in care unto your lives,
 T' obey the Mother Queen ; for, by my life,
 I think she has been prick'd ; her conscience,
 Oh ! it has stung her for some fact mis-done,
 She would not else disgrace herself and son.
 Do't therefore ; hark ! she'll work your deaths, else,
 hate

Bred in woman is insatiate.

Do't, friars.

Crab. Brother Cole, zeal sets me in a flame.
 I'll do't.

Cole. And I : his baseness we'll proclaim.

[*Exeunt Friars.*

Elea. Do, and be damn'd ; Zarack and Baltazar,
 Dog them at their heels ; and when their poisonous
 breath

Hath scatter'd this infection on the hearts
 Of credulous Spaniards : here, reward them thus ;

Slaves too much trusted do grow dangerous.
 Why, this shall feed
 And fat suspicion, and my policy:
 I'll ring through all the court this loud alarum,
 That they contriv'd the murder of the king,
 The queen, and me; and being undermin'd,
 To 'scape the blowing up, they fled. Oh, good!
 There, there, thou there cry treason; each one take
 A several door; your cries my music make.

Bal. Where's the king? treason pursues him.

Enter ALVERO in his Shirt, his Sword drawn.

Elea. Where's the sleepy queen?
 Rise, rise, and arm against the hand of treason.

Alv. Whence comes this sound of treason?

Enter the KING in his Shirt, his Sword drawn.

King. Who frights our quiet slumbers
 With this heavy noise?

Enter QUEEN in her Night Attire.

Q. Mo. Was it a dream, or did the sound
 Of monster treason call me from my rest?

King. Who rais'd this rumour? Eleazar, you?

Elea. I did, my liege, and still continue it,
 Both for your safety, and mine own discharge.

King. Whence comes the ground then?

Elea. From the cardinal,
 And the young prince; who bearing in his mind
 The true idea of his late disgrace,
 In putting him from the protectorship,
 And envying the advancement of the Moor,
 Determined this night to murder you;
 And, for your highness lodg'd within my castle,
 They would have laid the murder on my head.

King. The cardinal and my brother! bring them
 forth;
 Their lives shall answer this ambitious practice.

Elea. Alas ! my lord, it is impossible ;
For when they saw I had discovered them,
They train'd two harmless friars to their lodgings,
Disrob'd them, gagg'd them, bound them to two posts,
And in their habits did escape the castle.

King. The cardinal is all ambition,
And from him doth our brother gather heart.

Q. Mo. Th' ambition of the one infects the other,
And in a word they are both dangerous :
But might your mother's council stand in force,
I would advise you, send the trusty Moor
To fetch them back, before they have seduc'd
The squint-ey'd multitude from their allegiance,
And drawn them to their dangerous faction.

King. It shall be so. Therefore, my state's best
prop,
Within whose bosom I durst trust my life,
Both for my safety and thine own discharge,
Fetch back those traitors ; and till your return,
Our self will keep your castle.

Elea. My liege, the tongue of true obedience
Must not gainsay his sovereign's impose.
By heaven ! I will not kiss the cheek of sleep
Till I have fetch'd those traitors to the court !

King. (*Aside.*) Why this sorts* right ; he gone, his
beauteous wife
Shall sail into the naked arms of love.

Q. Mo. (*Aside.*) Why this is as it should be ; he
once gone,
His wife, that keeps me from his marriage bed,
Shall, by this hand of mine, be murdered.

King. This storm is well now past ; the swelling
clouds
That hang so full of treason, by the wind
Of† awful majesty are scattered.
Then each man to his rest. Good night, sweet friend !

* *Sorts*—i. e. happens—falls out.

† *Of*—The old edition reads *In*.

Whilst thou pursu'st the traitors that are fled,
Fernando means to warm thy marriage bed.

[*Exeunt Q. Mo. and King.*]

Elea. Many good nights consume and damn your
souls!

I know he means to cuckold me this night,
Yet do I know no means to hinder it:
Besides, who knows whether the lustful king,
Having my wife and castle at command,
Will ever make surrender back again?
But if he do not, with my falchion's point
I'll lance those swelling veins, in which hot lust
Does keep his revels; and with that warm blood,
Where Venus' bastard cool'd his swelt'ring spleen,
Wash the disgrace from Eleazar's brow.

Enter MARIA.

Maria. Dear Eleazar!

Elea. If they lock the gates,
I'll toss a ball of wild-fire o'er the walls.

Mar. Husband! sweet husband!

Elea. Or else swim o'er the moat,
And make a breach through the flinty sides
Of the rebellious walls.

Mar. Hear me, dear heart.

Elea. Or undermine the chamber where they lie,
And by the violent strength of gunpowder,
Blow up the castle, and th' incestuous couch,
In which lust wallows; but my labouring thoughts,
Wading too deep in bottomless extremes,
Do drown themselves in their own stratagems.

Mar. Sweet husband! dwell not upon circumstance,
When weeping sorrow, like an advocate,
Importunes you for aid; look in mine eye,
There you shall see dim grief swimming in tears,
Invocating succour. Oh, succour!

Elea. Succour! zounds! for what?

Mar. To shield me from Fernando's unchaste love,
Who, with uncessant prayers, importun'd me—

Elea. To lie with you ! I know't.

Mar. Then seek some means how to prevent it.

Elea. 'Tis possible ! *

For, to the end that his unbridled lust
Might have more free access unto thy bed,
This night he hath enjoined me
To fetch back Philip and the cardinal.

Mar. Then this ensuing night shall give an end
To all my sorrows ; for before foul lust
Shall soil the fair complexion of mine honour,
This hand shall rob Maria of her life.

Elea. Not so, dear soul ! for in extremities
Choose out the least : and ere the hand of death
Should suck this ivory palace of thy life,
Embrace my counsel, and receive this poison ;
Which, in the instant he attempts thy love,
Then give it him : do, do,
Do poison him ; (*aside*) he gone, thou'rt next.
Be sound in resolution, and farewell.

(*Aside.*) By one, and one, I'll ship you all to hell.
Spain, I will drown thee with thine own proud blood,
Then make an ark of carcasses : farewell !
Revenge and I will sail in blood to hell. [*Exit.*

Mar. Poison the king ! alas, my trembling hand
Would let the poison fall ; and through my cheek's
Fear, suited in a bloodless livery,
Would make the world acquainted with my guilt.
But thanks prevention, I have found a means,
Both to preserve my royal sovereign's life,
And keep myself a true and loyal wife. [*Exit.*

Enter QUEEN MOTHER, with a Torch.

Q. Mo. Fair eldest child of love, thou spotless
night,
Empress of silence, and the queen of sleep,
Who, with thy black cheeks' pure complexion,

* If this be the right reading, which we much doubt, it must be understood ironically.

Mak'st lovers' eyes enamour'd of thy beauty ;
Thou art like my Moor, therefore will I adore thee
For lending me this opportunity :
Oh ! with the soft-skin'n'd negro. Heavens, keep
 back

The saucy staring day from the world's eye,
Until my Eleazar make return :
Then in his castle shall he find his wife
Transform'd into a strumpet by my son :
Then shall he hate her whom he wou'd not kill ;
Then shall I kill her whom I cannot love.
The king is sporting with his concubine ;
Blush not, my boy, be bold, like me, thy mother ;
But their delights torture my soul like devils,
Except her shame be seen, wherefore, awake !
Christophero ! Roderigo ! raise the court ;
Arise, you peers of Spain ; Alvero, rise,
Preserve your country from base infamies.

Enter at several Doors, with Lights and Rapiers drawn, ALVERO, RODERIGO, and CHRISTOPHERO, with others.

All. Who rais'd these exclamations through the court?

Q. Mo. Sheath up your swords, you need not
swords, but eyes
To intercept this treason.

Alv. What's the treason?
Who are traitors? ring the alarum bell;
Cry arm through all the city: once before
The horrid cry of treason did affright
Our sleeping spirits.

Q. Mo. Stay;
You need not cry, arm, arm; for this black deed
Works treason to your king, to me, to you,
To Spain, and all that shall in Spain ensue.
This night Maria (Eleazar's wife)
Hath drawn the king, by her lascivious looks,
Privately to a banquet; I, unseen,

Stood and beheld him in her lustful arms :
 O God ! shall bastards wear Spain's diadem ?
 If you can kneel to basenes, vex them not ;
 If you disdain to kneel, wash off this blot.

Rod. Let's break into the chamber, and surprize her.

Alv. Oh, miserable me ! do, do, break in ;
 My country shall not blush at my child's sin.

Q. Mo. Delay is nurse to danger, follow me ;
 Come you, and witness to her villainy.

Alv. Hapless Alvero, how art thou undone.
 In a light daughter, and a stubborn son !

[*Exeunt.*

Enter KING, with his Rapier drawn in one hand, leading MARIA, seeming affrighted, in the other.

Mar. Oh ! kill me, ere you stain my chastity.

King. My hand holds death, but love sits in mine eye.

Exclaim not, dear Maria, do but hear me ;
 Though thus in dead of night, as I do now,
 The lustful Tarquin stole to the chaste bed
 Of Collatine's fair wife, yet shall thou be
 No Lucrece, nor thy king a Roman slave,
 To make rude villainy thine honour's grave.

Mar. Why from my bed have you thus frightened me ?

King. To let thee view a bloody horrid tragedy.

Mar. Begin it then, I'll gladly lose my life,
 Rather than be an emperor's concubine.

King. By my high birth, I swear thou shalt be none ;

The tragedy I'll write with my own hand,
 A king shall act it, and a king shall die,
 Except sweet mercy's beam shine from thine eye.
 If this affright thee it shall sleep for ever.
 If still thou hate me, thus this noble blade,
 This royal purple temple shall invade.

Mar. My husband is from hence, for his sake spare me.

King. Thy husband is no Spaniard ; thou art one,
So is Fernando ; then, for country's sake,
Let me not spare thee : on thy husband's face,
Eternal night in gloomy shades doth dwell ;
But I'll look on thee like the gilded sun,
When to the west his fiery horses run.

Mar. True, here you look on me with sunset eyes,
For, by beholding you, my glory dies.

King. Call me thy morning then, for like the morn,
In pride, Maria shall through Spain be borne.

(Music plays within.)

This music was prepar'd to please thine ears :
Love me, and thou shalt hear no other sounds.

(A banquet brought in.)

Lo, here's a banquet set with mine own hands ;
Love me, and thus I'll feast thee like a queen.
I might command thee, being thy sovereign ;
But love me, and I'll kneel and sue to thee,
And circle this white forehead with the crown
Of Castile, Portugal, and Arragon,
And all those petty kingdoms which do bow
Their tributary knees to Philip's heir.

Mar. I cannot love you whilst my husband lives.

King. I'll send him to the wars, and in the front
Of some main army shall he nobly die.

Mar. I cannot love you if you murder him.

King. For thy sake then I'll call a parliament,
And banish, by a law, all Moors from Spain.

Mar. I'll wander with him into banishment.

King. It shall be death for any Negro's hand
To touch the beauty of a Spanish dame.

Come, come, what needs such cavils with a king ?
Night blinds all jealous eyes, and we may play :
Carouse that bowl to me, I'll pledge all this ;
Being down we'll make it more sweet with a kiss.
Begin, I'll lock all doors ; begin, Spain's queen,

(Locks the doors.)

Love's banquet is most sweet when 'tis least seen.

* In the original it runs, " This music was prepared thine ears."

Mar. Oh ! thou conserver of my honour's life.
Instead of poisoning him, drown him in sleep ;
Because I'll quench the flames of wild desire,
I'll drink this off, let fire conquer love's fire.

King. Were love himself in real substance here,
Thus would I drink him down ; let your sweet strings
Speak louder, pleasure is but a slave to kings,
In which love swims. Maria, kiss thy king ;
Circle me in this ring of ivory ;
Oh ! I grow dull, and the cold hand of sleep
Hath thrust his icy fingers in my breast,*
And made a frost within me : sweet, one kiss,
To thaw this deadness that congeals my soul.

Mar. Your majesty hath over-watch'd yourself.
He sleeps already, not the sleep of death,
But a sweet slumber which the powerful drug
Instill'd through all his spirits. Oh ! bright day,
Bring home my dear lord ere his king awake,
Else of his unstain'd bed he'll shipwreck make.

(Offers to go.)

*Enter OBERON, and FAIRIES dancing before him ;
and Music with them.*

Mar. Oh me ! what shapes are these ?

Obe. Stay, stay, Maria.

Mar. My sovereign lord, awake, save poor Maria.

Obe. He cannot save thee, save that pain ;
Before he wake thou shalt be slain :
His mother's hand shall stop thy breath,
Thinking her own son is done to death :
And she that takes away thy life,
Does it to be thy husband's wife :
Adieu, Maria ; we must hence ;

* " And none of you will bid the winter come,
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw."

King John, a. 5. s. 7.

But Shakspeare abounds with plagiarisms from Marlow, all of which, indeed, he turns to good account ; yet it is a sin not easily forgiven to modern authors.

Embrace thine end with patience ;
 Elves and fairies make no stand,
 Till you come in fairy land.

[*Exeunt, dancing and singing.*

Mar. Fairies or devils, whatsoe'er you be,
 Thus will I hide me from your company.

(*Offers to go.*)

*To her enter QUEEN MOTHER suddenly with ALVERO
 and RODERIGO, with Rapiers.*

Q. Mo. Lay hold upon the strumpet ! where's the
 king ?

Fernando ! son ! ah, me ! your king is dead !
 Lay hands upon the murd'ress.

Mar. Imperious queen,
 I am as free from murder as thyself ;
 Which I will prove, if you will hear me speak.
 The king is living.

Rod. If he liv'd, his breath would beat within his
 breast,

Q. Mo. The life he leads, Maria, thou shalt soon
 participate.

Mar. Oh, father ! save me !

Alv. Thou'rt no child of mine.

Hadst thou been owner of Alvero's spirit,
 Thy heart would not have entertain'd a thought
 That had convers'd with murder : yet mine eyes,
 (Howe'er my tongue wants words,) brimfull with
 tears,

Intreat her further trial.

Q. Mo. To what end ?

Here lies her trial ; from this royal breast
 Hath she stolen all comfort ; all the life
 Of every bosom in the realm of Spain.

Rod. She's both a traitor and murd'ress.

Q. Mo. I'll have her forthwith strangled.

Alv. Hear her speak.

Q. Mo. To heaven let her complain if she have
 wrong,

I murder but the murd'ress of my son.

All. We murder the murd'ress of our king.*

(*Several of them stab her.*)

Alv. Ah, me! my child! oh! oh, cease your torturing!

Mar. Heaven ope your windows, that my spotless soul,

Riding upon the wings of innocence,
May enter paradise. Fairies, farewell;
Fernando's death in mine you did foretell.

(*She dies—King awakes.*)

King. Who calls Fernando? Love, Maria, speak;
Oh! whither art thou fled? Whence flow these waters,
That fall, like winter storms, from the drown'd eyes?

Alv. From my Maria's death.

King. My Maria dead!

Damn'd be the soul to hell that stopp'd her breath!
Maria! oh, me! who durst murder her?

Q. Mo. I thought my dear Fernando had been dead,
And, in my indignation, murder'd her.

King. I was not dead until you murder'd me,
By killing fair Maria.

Q. Mo. Gentle son—

King. Ungentle mother, you a deed have done
Of so much ruth, that no succeeding age
Can ever clear you of. Oh! my dear love!
Yet heavens can witness thou wert never mine.
Spain's wonder was Maria.

Q. Mo. Sweet, have done.

King. Have done! for what? For shedding zealous
tears

Over the tomb of virtuous chastity?
You cry, have done, now I am doing good;
But cry'd, do on, when you were shedding blood.
Have you done, mother? Yes, yes, you have done
That which will undo your unhappy son.

Rol. These words become you not, my gracious
lord!

* In the original this is given to Alvero, but, evidently, in error.

King. These words became not me ! no more it did
 Become you, lords, to be mute standers by,
 When lustful fury ravish'd chastity :
 It ill becomes me to lament her death ;
 But it became you worse* to stop her breath.
 Had she been fair, and not so virtuous,
 This deed had not been half so impious.

Alv. But she was fair in virtue, virtuous fair. Oh,
 me !

King. Oh, me ! she was true honour's heir.
 Hence, beldams, from my presence ! all fly hence ;
 You are all murderers. Come, poor innocent,
 Clasp thy cold hand in mine ; for here I'll lie,
 And since I liv'd for her, for her I'll die.

Enter ELEAZAR, with a Torch ; his Rapier drawn.

Elea. Bar up my castle gates ! Fire and confusion
 Shall girt these Spanish curs. Was I for this
 Sent to raise power against a fugitive ?
 To have my wife deflower'd ? Zounds ! where's my
 wife ?

My slaves cry out, she's dallying with the king :
 Stand by—where is your king ?—Eleazar's bed
 Shall scorn to be an emperor's brothelrie.

Q. Mo. Be patient, Eleazar ; here's the king.

Elea. Patience and I are† foes ; where's my Maria ?

Alv. Here is her hapless corse, that was Maria.

King. Here lies Maria's body ; here her grave ;
 Her dead heart in my breast a tomb shall have.

Elea. Now, by the proud complexion of my cheeks,
 Ta'en from the kisses of the amorous sun,
 Were he ten thousand kings that slew my love,
 Thus should my hand, plum'd with revenge's wings,
 Requite mine own dishonour and her death.

(*Stabs the king.*)

* *Worse*—old copy reads *well*.

† *Are*—old edition reads *am*,

Q. Mo. Ah me! my son.

All. The king is murder'd! lay hold on the damn'd traitor.

Elea. In his breast,
That dares but dart a finger at the Moor,
I'll bury this sharp steel, yet reeking warm
With the unchaste blood of that lecher king,
That threw my wife in an untimely grave.

Alv. She was my daughter, and her timeless grave
Did swallow down my joys as deep as your's;
But thus—

Elea. But what? Bear injuries that can;
I'll wear no forked crest.

Rod. Damn this black fiend! cry treason through
the court.

The king is murder'd.

Elea. He that first opes his lips, I'll drive his words
Down his wide throat upon my rapier's point.
The king is murder'd, and I'll answer it;
I am dishonour'd, and I will revenge it.
Bend not your dangerous weapons at my breast;
Think where you are; this castle is the Moor's;
You are environ'd with a wall of flint,
The gates are lock'd, portcullises let down;
If Eleazar spend one drop of blood,

(*Zarack and Baltazar above with Calivers.**)

On those high turret tops my slaves stand arm'd,
And shall confound your souls with murd'ring shot:
Or if you murder me, yet under ground,
A villain, that for me will dig to hell,
Stands with a burning linstock in his fist,
Who, firing gunpowder, up in the air
Shall fling your torn and mangled carcasses.

Q. Mo. Oh! sheath your weapons, though my son
be slain;

Yet save yourselves; choose a new sovereign.

All. Prince Philip is our sovereign, choose him
king!

Elea. Prince Philip shall not be my sovereign.

* *Caliver*—a musket.

Philip's a bastard, and Fernando's dead;
 Mendoza sweats to wear Spain's diadem.
 Philip hath sworn confusion to this realm,
 They both are up in arms; warm flames do shine
 Like light'ning in the air. Wherefore, my lords,
 Look well on Eleazar; value me,
 Not by my sun-burnt cheeks, nor by my birth;
 But by my loss of blood,
 Which I have sacrificed in Spain's defence.
 Then look on Philip and the cardinal;
 Look on those gaping curs, whose wide throats
 Stand stretch'd wide open, like the gates of death,
 To swallow you, your country, children, wives.
 Philip cries fire and blood; the cardinal
 Cries likewise fire and blood: I'll quench those flames.
 The Moor cries blood and fire, and that shall burn
 Till Castile, like proud Troy, to cinders turn.

Rod. Lay by these ambages;* what seeks the Moor?

Elea. A kingdom, Castile's crown.

Alv. Peace, devil; for shame!

Q. Mo. Peace, doting lord, for shame! Oh, misery!

When Indian slaves thirst after empery.
 Princes and peers of Spain, we are beset
 With horror on each side; you deny him,
 Death stands at all our backs, we cannot fly him.
 Crown Philip king, the crown upon his head
 Will prove a fiery meteor; war and vengeance,
 And desolation, will invade our land:
 Besides, Prince Philip is a bastard born.
 Oh! give me leave to blush at mine own shame;
 But I, for love to you, love to fair Spain,
 Choose rather to rip up a queen's disgrace,
 Than, by concealing it, to set the crown
 Upon a bastard's head: wherefore, my lords,
 By my consent, crown that proud blackamoor.
 Since Spain's bright glory must so soon grow dim,
 Since it must end, let it end all in him.

All. Eleazar shall be king!

* i. e. this circumlocution.

Alv. Oh, treachery!
 Have you so soon raz'd out Fernando's love?
 So soon forgot the duty of true peers?
 So soon, so soon, buried a mother's name,
 That you will crown him king, that slew your king?

Elea. Will you hear him or me: who shall be king?

All. Eleazar shall be Castile's sovereign.

Alv. Do, do; make haste to crown him! lords,
 adieu!

Here hell must be, when the devil governs you.

[*Exit.*

Elea. By heaven's great star, which Indians do
 adore,
 But that I hate to hear the giddy world
 Shame that I waded to a crown through blood,
 I'd not digest his pills: but since, my lords,
 You have chosen Eleazar for your king,
 Invest me with a general applause.

All. Live, Eleazar, Castile's royal king!

Rod. (Aside). A villain, and a base born fugitive.

Chris. (Aside.) A bloody tyrant, and usurping slave.

Elea. Thanks to you all: 'Tis not the Spanish
 crown

That Eleazar strives for, but Spain's peace;
 Amongst you I'll divide her empery.
 Christophero shall wear Granada's crown;
 To Roderigo I'll give Arragon;
 Naples, Navar, and fair Jerusalem,
 I'll give to other three; and then our viceroys
 Shall shine about our bright Castillian crown,
 As stars about the sun. Cry all, arm, arm;
 Prince Philip and the Cardinal do ride
 Like Jove in thunder; in a storm we'll meet them.
 Go, levy powers; if any man must fall,
 My death shall first begin the funeral. [Exeunt.

Enter ZARACK and BALTAZAR, with Calivers.

Bal. Is thy cock ready, and thy powder dry?

Zar. My cock stands perching like a cock o' the game, with a red coal for his crest, instead of a comb; and for my powder, 'tis but touch and take.

Bal. I have tickling geer too; anon I'll cry, here I have it, and yonder I see it. But, Zarack, is't policy for us to kill these bald-pates?

Zar. Is't policy for us to save ourselves? If they live, we die. Is't not wisdom, then, to send them to heaven, rather than be sent ourselves? Come, you black slave, be resolute. This way they come; here they will stand, and yonder will I stand.

Bal. And in yonder hole, I.

Zar. Our amiable faces cannot be seen if we keep close; therefore hide your cock's head, lest his burning cock's-comb betray us. But soft; which of the two shall be thy white*?

Bal. That black villain, Friar Cole.

Zar. I shall have a sharp piece of service; Friar Crab shall be my man; farewell, and be resolute.

Bal. Zounds, Zarack! I shall never have the heart to do it.

Zar. You rogue, think who commands; Eleazar. Who shall rise? Baltazar. Who shall die? A lousy friar. Who shall live? Our good lord and master, the negro king of Spain.

Bal. Cole, thou art but a dead man, and shalt turn to ashes. [Exit.

Zar. Crab, here's that shall make vinegar of thy carcase. [Exit.

Enter CRAB and COLE, two Friars, with a Rout of Stinkards following them.

Crab. Ah, brother! 'tis best so. Now we have drawn them to a head, we'll begin here i' the market-place. Tut, so long as we be commanded by the Mo-

* *Thy White*---i. e. the mark at which you shoot. The target at which archers shot had a small white circle in the centre, called the eye.

ther Queen, we'll say her son is a bastard, an he were ten Philips.

Cole. Take you one market form, I'll take another.

Crab. No, godso, we must both keep one form.

Cole. Aye, in oration but not in station. Mount, mount.

1 *Stink.* Well, my masters, you know him not so well as I, on my word. Friar Crab is a sour fellow.

2 *Stink.* Yet he may utter sweet doctrine, by your leave. But what think you of Friar Cole?

1 *Stink.* He! all fire: an he be kindled once, a hot catholic.

3 *Stink.* And you mark him, he has a zealous nose, and richly inflam'd.

1 *Stink.* Peace, you rogues! Now they begin.

Crab. *Incipe Frater.*

Cole. *Non ego Domine.*

Crab. *Nec ego.*

Cole. *Quare.*

Crab. *Quia.*

Cole. *Quæso.*

All. Here's a queezy beginning, methinks. Silence! silence!

Crab. Brethren, citizens, and market-folks of Seville!

Cole. Well beloved, and honoured Castillians.

Crab. It is not unknown to you.

Cole. I am sure you are not ignorant.

Crab. How villainous, and strong!

Cole. How monstrous, and huge!

Crab. The faction of Prince Philip is.

Cole. Philip, that is a bastard.

Crab. Philip, that is a dastard.

Cole. Philip, that kill'd your king.

Crab. Only to make himself king.

Cole. And, by Gad's blessed lady, you are all damn'd, an you suffer it.

1 *Stink.* Friar Cole says true; he speaks out to the heat of his zeal; look how he glows.

2 *Stink*. Well, Friar Crab for my money; he has set my teeth an edge against this bastard.

1 *Stink*. Oh! his words are like vergis, to whet a man's stomach.

All. Silence! silence!

Crab. Now, contrariwise.

Cole. Your noble king, the Moor—

Crab. Is a valiant gentleman;

Cole. A noble gentleman;

Crab. An honourable gentleman;

Cole. A fair black gentleman;

Crab. A friend to Castillians;

Cole. A champion for Castillians;

Crab. A man fit to be a king.

Cole. If he were not borne down by him that would be king; who (as I said before) is a bastard, and no king.

1 *Stink*. What think you, my masters? Do you mark his words well?

Crab. Further, compare them together.

All. S'blood! there's no comparison between them.

Cole. Nay; but hear us, good countrymen.

All. Hear, Friar Cole! hear, Friar Cole!

Cole. See that bastard and Eleazar together.

1 *Stink*. How? mean you by the ears?

Crab. No; but compare them.

Cole. Do but compare them.

2 *Stink*. Zounds! we say, again, comparisons are odious.

1 *Stink*. But say on, say on.

(*Pieces go off; Friars die.*)

All. Treason! treason! every man shift for himself. This is Philip's treason. Arm! arm! arm! [*Exeunt.*]

Enter ELEAZAR, ZARACK, and BALTAZAR.

Elea. Zarack and Baltazar, are they dispatch'd?

Zar. We saw 'em sprawl, and turn up the white of the eye.

Elea. So shall they perish that lay countermines:
To cross our high designments: by their habits
The cardinal and Philip 'scap'd our nets,
And by your hands they tasted our revenge.

Enter QUEEN MOTHER.

Here comes the queen; away! under our wings
You shall stand safe, and brave the proudest kings.

[*Exeunt.*]

Q. Mo. Oh! fly, my Eleazar; save thy life,
Else 'point a guard about thee: the mad people,
Tempestuous like the sea, run up and down,
Some crying, kill the bastard; some the Moor;
Some cry, God save king Philip; and some cry,
God save the Moor; some others, he shall die.

Elea. Are these your fears? Thus blow them into
air.

I rush'd amongst the thickest of their crowds,
And with a countenance majestical,
Like the imperious sun, dispers'd their clouds;
I have perfum'd the rankness of their breath,
And by the magic of true eloquence,
Transform'd this many-headed Cerberus,
This py'd camelion, this beast multitude,
Whose power consists in number, pride in threats,
Yet melt like snow when majesty shines forth,
This heap of fools, who crowding in huge swarms,
Stood at our court gates like a heap of dung,
Reeking and shouting out contagious breath,
Of power to poison all the elements;
This wolf I held by th' ears, and made him tame,
And made him tremble at the Moor's great name:
No, we must combat with a grimmer foe;
That damn'd Mendoza overturns our hopes.
He loves you dearly.

Q. Mo. By his secret letters
He hath intreated me to leave the court,
And fly into his arms.

Elea. The world cannot devise a stratagem
 Sooner to throw confusion on his pride.
 Subscribe to his desires, and in dead night
 Steal to his castle; swear to him his love
 Hath drawn you thither; undermine his soul,
 And learn what villanies are there laid up;
 Then, for your pleasure, walk to take the air:
 Near to the castle I'll in ambush lie,
 And seem, by force, to take you prisoner:
 This done, I have a practice plotted here,
 Shall rid him of his life, and us of fear.
 About it, madam, this is all in all;
 We cannot stand, unless Mendoza fall. [Exeunt,

*Enter EMANUEL, King of Portugal, PRINCE PHILIP,
 MENDOZA, ALVERO, with Drums, and Soldiers
 marching.*

K. of Por. Poor Spain! how is the body of thy
 peace
 Mangled and torn by an ambitious Moor!
 How is thy prince and counsellors abus'd,
 And trodden under the base foot of scorn!
 Wrong'd lords, Emanuel of Portugal partakes
 A falling share in all your miseries;
 And though the tardy hand of slow delay
 Withheld us from preventing your mishaps,
 Yet shall revenge dart black confusion
 Into the bosom of that dam'd fiend.

Phil. But is it possible our mother queen
 Should countenance his ambition?

Alv. Her advice is a steersman to direct his course;
 Besides, as we by circumstance have learnt,
 She means to marry him.

Phil. Then, here, upon my knees,
 I pluck allegiance from her; all that love,
 Which, by innate duty, I did owe her,
 Shall henceforth be converted into hate.
 This will confirm the world's opinion

That I am base born, and the damn'd Moor
Had interest in my birth; this wrong alone
Gives new fire to the cinders of my rage;
I may be well transformed from what I am,
When a black devil is husband to my dam.

K. of Por. Prince, let thy rage give way to patience,

And set a velvet brow upon the face
Of wrinkled anger; our keen swords
Must right these wrongs, and not light airy words.

Phil. Yet words may make the edge of rage more sharp,

And whet a blunted courage with revenge.

Alv. Here's none wants whetting, for our keen resolves

Are steel'd unto the back with double wrongs;
Wrongs that would make a handless man take arms,
Wrongs that would make a coward resolute.

Car. Why, then join all our several wrongs in one,
And from these wrongs assume a firm resolve
To send this devil to damnation. (*Drums afar off.*)

Phil. I hear the sound of his approaching march.
Stand fair; Saint Jaques for the right of Spain.

*Enter the MOOR, RODERIGO, CHRISTOPHERO, with
Drums, Colours, and Soldiers, marching bravely.*

Eleaz. Bastard of Spain!

Phil. Thou true stamp'd son of hell,
Thy pedigree is written in thy face.

[*Alarum, and a battle, the Moor prevails; Exeunt.*]

Enter PHILIP and CARDINAL.

Phil. Move forward with your main battalion,
Or else all is lost.

Car. I will not move a foot.

Phi. S'heart! will you lose the day?

Car. You lose your wits,
You're mad; it is no policy.

Phil. You lie.

Car. Lie!

Phil. Lie; a pox upon't cardinal, come on,
Second the desperate van-guard which is mine,
And where I'll die or win; follow my sword
The bloody way I lead it, or by heaven
I'll play the devil, and mar all; we'll turn our backs
Upon the Moors, and set on thee; aye, thee,
Thee, cardinal; s'heart! thee.

Car. Your desperate arm
Hath almost thrust quite through the heart of hope:
Our fortunes lie a bleeding by your rash
And violent onset.

Phil. Oh! oh! s'life! s'foot! will you fight?

Car. We will not hazard all upon one cast.

Phil. You will not?

Car. No.

Phil. Coward!

Car. By deeds, I'll try
Whether your venomous tongue says true. Fare-
well!

Courage shines both in this, and policy. [*Exit.*

Phil. To save thy skin whole, that's thy policy.
You whoreson fat-chop'd guts, I'll melt away
That larded body by the heat of fight,
Which I'll compel thee too, or else by flying:
To work which, I'll give way to the proud foe,
Whilst I stand laughing to behold thee run.
Cardinal, I'll do't, I'll do't; a Moor, a Moor!
Philip cries, a Moor! holloa! ha! whoo!

Enter KING OF PORTUGAL.

K. of Por. Prince Philip! Philip!

Phil. Here, plague where's the Moor?

K. of Por. The Moor's a devil: never did horrid
fiend,

Compel'd by some magician's mighty charm,
Break through the prisons of the solid earth
With more strange horror than this prince of hell:
This damned negro, lion-like, doth rush
Through all, and spite of all knit opposition.

Phil. Puh! puh! where? where?
I'll meet him, where? You mad me!
'Tis not his arm
That acts such wonders, but our cowardice.
This cardinal—oh! this cardinal is a slave.

Enter CAPTAIN.

Capt. Sound a retreat, or else the day is lost!

Phil. I'll beat that dog to death that sounds retreat.

K. of Por. Philip!

Phil. I'll tear his heart out that dares name but
sound.

K. of Por. Sound a retreat.

Phil. Who's that? you tempt my sword, sir;
Continue this alarum, fight pell-mell;
Fight, kill, be damn'd. This fat-back, coward car-
dinal,

Lies heavy on my shoulders; this, aye this,
Shall fling him off. Sound a retreat? Zounds! you
mad me!

Ambition plumes the Moor, whilst black despair,
Offering to tear from him the diadem
Which he usurps, makes him to cry at all,
And to act deeds beyond astonishment;
But Philip is the night that darks his glories:
This sword, yet reeking with his negroe's blood,
Being grasp'd by equity and this strong arm,
Shall through and through.

All. Away then!

Phil. From before me.

Stay, stand; stand fast, fight! a Moor, a Moor!

Enter ELEAZAR, ZARACK, BALTAZAR, RODERIGO, CHRISTOPHERO, and others; they fight: Moors are all beat in. Manet ELEAZAR weary; a Moor lies slain.

Elea. Oh! for more work, more souls to post to hell,
That I might pile up Charon's boat so full,
Until it topple o'er! Oh! 'twould be sport
To see them sprawl through the black slimy lake.
Ha, ha! there's one going thither: sirrah! you,
You slave! who kill'd thee? How he grins! this
breast,
Had it been temper'd and made proof like mine,
It never would have been a mark for fools
To hit afar off with their dastard bullets.
But thou didst well; thou knew'st I was thy lord,
And out of love and duty to me, here,
Where I fell weary, thou laid'st down thyself,
To bear me up thus: God a-mercy, slave,
A king for this shall give thee a rich grave.

(As he sits down enter PHILIP with a broken sword.)

Phil. I'll wear thee to the pommel, but I'll find
The subject of mine honour and revenge.
Moor, 'tis for thee I seek! come, now, now take me
At good advantage; speak! where art thou?

Elea. Here!

Phil. Fate and revenge, I thank you. Rise!

Elea. Leave and live.

Phil. Villain, it is Philippo that bids thee rise.

Elea. It had been good for thee to have hid thy
name,

For the discovery, like to a dangerous charm,
Hurts him that finds it. Wherefore do those blood-
hounds,

Thy rage and valour, chase me?

Phil. Why, to kill thee.

Elea. With that ! what a blunt axe ? Think'st thou,
I'll let
Thy fury take a full blow at this head,
Having these arms ? Be wise, go change thy weapon.

Phil. Oh, sir !

Elea. I'll stay thy coming.

Phil. Thou'lt be damn'd first.

Elea. By all our Indian gods—

Phil. Puh ! never swear.

Thou knows't 'tis for a kingdom which we fight,
And for that who'll not venture to hell gates ?
Come, Moor, I'm arm'd with more than complete steel,
The justice of my quarrel : when I look
Upon my father's wrongs, my brother's wounds,
My mother's infamy, Spain's misery,
And lay my finger here ; oh ! 'tis too dull
To let out blood enough to quench them all.
But when I see your face, and know what fears
Hang on thy troubled soul, like leaden weights
To make it sink, I know this finger's touch
Has strength to throw thee down ; I know this iron
Is sharp and long enough to reach that head.
Fly not, devil ; if thou do—

Elea. How ! fly ? Oh, base !

Phil. Come then.

Elea. Stay, Philip ; whosoe'er begat thee—

Phil. Why, slave, a king begat me.

Elea. May be so ;

But I'll be sworn thy mother was a queen ;
For her sake will I kill thee nobly.
Fling me thy sword, there's mine ; I scorn to strike
A man disarm'd.

Phil. For thus dishonouring me,
I'll give thee one stab more.

Elea. I'll run away,
Unless thou change that weapon or take mine.

Phil. Neither.

Elea. Farewell.

Phil. S'heart, stay ! and if you dare,
Do as I do, oppose thy naked breast

Against this poniard; see! here's this for thine.

Elea. I am for thee, Philip.

Phil. Come, nay, take inore ground,
That with a full career thou may's't strike home.

Elea. Thou'lt run away then.

Phil. Hah!

Elea. Thou'lt run away then.

Phil. Faith I will; but first, on this I'll bear
Thy panting heart, thy head upon thy spear.

Elea. Come.

*Enter CARDINAL and KING OF PORTUGAL on the one,
and MOORS on the other, side.*

Car. Side, upon the Moors.

1. Moor. Side, upon the cardinal.

Phil. Hold, cardinal; strike not any of our side.

Elea. Hold, Moors; strike not any of our side.

Phil. We two will close this battle.

Elea. Come, agreed.

Stand armies and give aim,* whilst we two bleed.

Car. With poniards! 'tis too desperate, dear Philip.

Phil. Away! have at the Moor! s'heart! let me
come.

K. of Port. Be arm'd with manly weapons; 'tis for
slaves

To dig their own and such unworthy graves.

Elea. I am for thee any way: thus; or, see, thus;
Here, try the vigour of thy sinewy arm.

The day is ours already; brainless heads,

And bleeding bodies, like a crown, do stand

About the temples of our victory.

Yet, Spaniards, if you dare, we'll fight it out,

* *Give aim.*—This phrase has been well explained by Gifford.—The expression is borrowed from archery—*aim!* was an hortatory exclamation of the by-standers to the person about to shoot, to *cry aim*, therefore is to encourage. To *give aim* is to *direct*, and he was said to *give aim*, who was stationed near the butts and pointed out after every discharge, how wide or how short the arrows fell of the mark.

Thus, man to man alone. I'll first begin,
And conquer, or in blood wade up to the chin.

Phil. Let not a weapon stir but his and mine.

Elea. Nor on this side; conquest in blood shall shine. (*Alarum; they fight, the Moor is struck down, which his side seeing, step all in and rescue him; the rest join and drive in the Moors. Alarum continuing; Spaniards and Moors, with drums and colours, fly over the stage, pursued by Philip, Cardinal, King of Portugal, and others.*)

Enter ZARACK, CHRISTOPHERO, and ELEAZER, at Several Doors.

Chris. Where is my lord?

Zar. Where is my sovereign?

Elea. What news bring Zarack and Christophero?

Zar. Oh, fly, my lords! fly, for the day is lost!

Elea. There are three hundred and odd days in a year,

And cannot we lose one of them? come, fight.

Chris. The lords have left us, and the soldiers faint;
You are round beset with proud fierce enemies;
Death cannot be prevented but by flight.

Elea. He shall, Christophero. I have yet left
One stratagem, that in despite of fate
Shall turn the wheel of war about once more.
The Mother Queen hath all this while sat sadly
Within our tent, expecting to whose bosom
White-winged peace and victory will fly:
Her have I us'd as a fit property
To stop this dangerous current; her have I sent
Arm'd with love's magic, to enchant the cardinal,
And bind revenge down with resistless charms;
By this time does she hang about his neck,
And by the witchcraft of a cunning kiss
Has she disarm'd him. Hark! they sound retreat;
She has prevail'd; a woman's tongue and eye,
Are weapons stronger than artillery. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter CARDINAL, QUEEN MOTHER, SOLDIERS,
Drums and Colours.

Q. Mo. By all those sighs which thou, like passion-
ate tunes,

Hast often to my dull ears offered,
By all thy hopes t' enjoy my royal bed,
By all those mourning lines which thou hast sent,
Weeping in black, to tell thy languishment;
By love's best richest treasure, which I swear
I will bestow, and which none else shall wear,
As the most prized jewel, but thyself;
By that bright fire, which, flaming through thine eyes,
From thy love-scorched bosom does arise,
I do conjure thee let no churlish sound
With war's lewd horror my desires confound,
Dear, dear Mendoza; thus I do entreat,
That still thou would'st continue this retreat;
I'll hang upon thee, till I hear thee say,
Woman prevail; or chiding, cry'st away.

Car. Is there no trick in this, forg'd by the Moor?

Q. Mo. I would the Moor's damnation were the ran-
som

Of all the innocent blood that has been shed,
In this black day: I care not for the Moor:
Love to my kingdom's peace makes me put on
This habit of a suppliant; shall I speed?

Car. You shall, were it to have my bosom bleed;
I have no power to spare the negro's head,
When I behold the wounds which his black hand
Has given mine honour: but, when I look on you,
I have no power to hate him; since your breath
Dissolves my frozen heart, being spent for him;
In you my life must drown itself or swim;
You have prevailed: drum, swiftly hence; call back
Our fierce pursuing troops, that run to catch
The laurel wreath of conquest: let it stand
Awhile untouch'd by any soldier's hand. [*Exit drum.*
Away! stay you and guard us. Where's the Moor?

I'll lose what I have got—a victor's prize,
Yielding myself a prisoner to your eyes.

Q. Mo. Mine eyes shall quickly grant you liberty.
The Moor stays my return ; I'll put on wings
And fetch him ; to make peace belongs to kings.

*As she goes out, enter ELEAZAR, ZARACK, BALTAZAR,
and SOLDIERS, well armed ; at sight of each other
all draw.*

Car. Soldiers, call back the drum, we are betrayed.

Elea. Moors, stand upon your guard ; avoid, look
back.

Q. Mo. What means this jealousy ? Mendoza, Moor,
Lay by your weapons and embrace ; the sight
Of this, and this, begets suspicion.

Eleazar, by my birth, he comes in peace :

Mendoza, by mine honour, so comes he.

Car. Discharge these soldiers then.

Elea. And these.

Car. Away ! *(Spanish Soldiers stand aloof.)*

Elea. Go ! *(Moors stand aloof.)*

Q. Mo. All rejoice, to see this glorious day.

(She joins them together : they embrace.)

Car. Your virtues work this wonder. I have met
At her most dear command ; what's your desires ?

Elea. Peace, and your honour'd arms : how loath-
ingly

I sounded the alarums, witness heaven.

'Twas not to strike your breast, but to let out

The rank blood of ambition. That Philip

Makes you his ladder, and being climb'd so high

As he may reach a diadem, there you lie.

He's base begotten, that's his mother's sin.

Q. Mo. God pardon it.

Elea. Ah ! amen. But he's a bastard,

And rather than I'll kneel to him, I'll saw

My legs off by the thighs, because I'll stand

In spite of reverence : he's a bastard, he's !

And, to beat down his usurpation,

I have thrown about this thunder : but, Mendoza,
 The people hate him for his birth ;
 He only leans on you, you are his pillar ;
 You gone, he walks on crutches, or else falls :
 Then shrink from under him ; are not they
 Fools, that bearing others up, themselves seem low,
 Because they above sit high ? why you do so ?

Car. 'Tis true.

Q. Mo. Behold this error with fix'd eyes.

Car. 'Tis true ; well.

Elea. Oh ! have you found it ? Have you smelt
 The train of powder that must blow you up,
 Up into air ? What air ? Why this, a breath ;
 Look ; in this time may a king meet death.
 An eye to't,—check it,—check it.

Car. How ?

Elea. How ! thus :
 Steal from the heat of that incestuous blood,
 Where ravish'd honour and Philipppo lies ;
 Leave him ; divide this huge and monstrous body
 Of armed Spaniards into limbs thus big :
 Part man from man,—send every soldier home ;
 I'll do the like : peace, with an olive branch,
 Shall fly with dove-like wings about all Spain ;
 The crown, which I as a good husband keep,
 I will lay down upon the empty chair ;
 Marry you the Queen, and fill it : for my part,
 These knees are yours, sir.

Car. Is this sound ?

Elea. From my heart.

Car. If you prove false—

Elea. If I do, let fire fall—

Car. Amen.

Elea. (*Aside.*) Upon thy head ; and so it shall.

Car. All of myself is yours ; soldiers, begone.

Elea. And that way you.

Car. The rest I will divide :
 The lords shall be convented.*

* *Convented* ; i. e. assembled.—Latin, *convenire*.

Elea. Good.

Car. Let's meet.

Q. Mo. Where?

Elea. Here anon, (*aside*) this is thy winding sheet.

[*Exit Car.*

(*The Moor walks up and down musing.*)

Q. Mo. What shape will this prodigious womb bring forth,

Which groans with such strange labour?

Elea. Excellent!

Q. Mo. Why, Eleazar, art thou wrap'd with joys,
Or does thy sinking policy make to shore?

Elea. Ha!

Q. Mo. Eleazar, madman! hear'st thou, Moor?

Elea. Well, so; you turn my brains; you mar the face

Of my attempts i' the making; for this chaos,
This lump of projects, ere it be lick'd over,
'Tis like a bear's conception; stratagems
Being but begot, and not got out, are like
Charged cannons not discharg'd, they do no harm
Nor good; true policy, breeding in the brain,
Is like a bar of iron, whose ribs being broken
And soften'd in the fire, you then may forge it
Into a sword to kill, or to a helmet to defend life;
'Tis therefore wit to try all fashions,
Ere you apparel villany. But, but,
I ha' suited him; fit, fit; oh, fit!

Q. Mo. How? prithee, how?

Elea. Why thus;—yet, no;—let's hence;
My heart is nearest of my council, yet
I scarce dare trust my heart with't; what I do,
It shall look old* the hour wherein 'tis born;
Wonders twice seen are garments overworn.

[*Exeunt.*

———— * What I do
It shall look old————

This has so much the tone of Shakspear's verse, that one can hardly believe it is not his; but Marlow abounds in such passages.

Enter CARDINAL at one door ; PHILIPPO half armed, and two SOLDIERS following him with the rest of the Armour ; the CARDINAL seeing him, turns back again.

Phil. Sirrah ! you, cardinal ! coward ! run away !
So, ho, ho ! what, Cardinal !

Car. I am not for your lure.* [*Exit.*

Phil. For that, then, oh ! that it had nail'd thy heart
Up to the pommel to the earth ; come, arm me.
Ha ! s'foot ! when all our swords were royally gilt with
blood,

When with red sweat, that trickled from our wounds,
We had dearly earn'd a victory ; when hell
Had from their hinges heav'd off her iron gates,
To bid the damn'd Moor and the devils enter,
Then to loose all, then to sound base retreat ;
Why, soldiers, hah !

1 Sol. I am glad of it, my lord.

Phil. Hah ; glad ! art glad I am dishonoured ?
That thou and he dishonoured ?

1 Sol. Why, my lord,
I am glad that you so cleanly did come off.

Phil. Thou hast a lean face and a carrion heart ;
A plague on him and thee too : then, s'heart ! then
To crack the very heart-strings of our army—
To quarter it in pieces—I could tear my hair,
And in cursing spend my soul ;
Cardinal ! what, Judas ! come, we'll fight
Till there be left but one ; if I be he,
I'll die a glorious death.

1 Sol. So will I, I hope, in my bed.

2 Sol. Till there be but one left, my lord ? Why,
that's now ; for all our fellows are crawl'd home ; some
with one leg, some ne'er an arm, some with their brains
beaten out, and glad they 'scap'd so.

Phil. But, my dear countrymen, you'll stick to me ?

* *Your lure.*—An image borrowed from Falconry.

1 *Sol.* Stick ! aye, my lord, stick like bandogs, till we be pull'd off.

Phil. That's nobly said : I'll lead you but to death, Where I'll have greatest share ; we shall win fame For life, and that doth crown a soldier's name.

1 *Sol.* How ! to death, my lord ? Not I, by Gad's-lid : I have a poor wife and children at home, and if I die they beg : and do you think I'll see her go up and down the wide universal world ?

Phil. For every drop of blood which thou shalt lose, Coward, I'll give thy wife a wedge of gold.

2 *Sol.* Hang him, meacock ! my lord, arm yourself ; I'll fight for you, till I have not an eye to see the fire in my touch-hole.

Phil. Be thou a king's companion ; thou and I, Will dare the cardinal and the Moor to fight In single combat ; shall we ? hah !

2 *Sol.* Agreed.

Phil. We'll beat 'em to hell gates ; shall we ? hah !

2 *Sol.* Hell gate's somewhat too hot ; the porter's a knave ; I'd be loath to be damn'd for my conscience ; I'll knock any body's costard, so I knock not there, my lord ; hell gates !

Phil. A pox upon such slaves !

1 *Sol.* Hang him, a peasant : my lord, you see I am but a scrag ; my lord, my legs are not of the biggest, nor the least, nor the best that e'er was stood upon, nor the worst ; but they are of God's making ; and for your sake, if ever we put our enemies to flight again, by Gad's lid, if I run not after them like a tiger, hoffer me.

Phil. But wilt thou stand to't ere they fly ? ha ! wilt thou ?

1 *Sol.* Will I, quoth-a ! by this hand, and the honour of a soldier.

Phil. And by a soldier's honour I will load thee With Spanish pistolets : to have this head, Thy face, and all thy body stuck with scars ; Why 'tis a sight more glorious than to see A lady hung with diamonds. If thou lose A hand, I'll send this after ; if an arm,

I'll lend thee one of mine ; come, then, let's fight.

A mangled, lame, true soldier is a gem

Worth Cæsar's empire, though fools spurn at them.

1 *Sol.* Yet, my lord, I have seen lame soldiers not worth the crutches they leant upon ; hands and arms quoth-he ! zounds, not I : I'll double my files, or stand sentry, or so ; but I'll be hanged and quartered before I'll have my members cut off.

2 *Sol.* And I too, hold thee there.

Phil. Hold you both there ; away, you rogues, you dirt ;

Thus do I tread upon you ; out, begone !

[Beats them both in.]

One valiant is an host, fight then alone.

Enter CARDINAL, ALVERO, CHRISTOPHERO, and SOLDIERS.

Car. Prince Philip.

Phil. For the crown of Spain, come all.

Car. We come in love and peace.

Phil. But come in war ;

Bring naked swords, not laurel boughs ; in peace !

Plague on your rank peace ! will you fight and cry,

Down with the Moor ? and then I'm yours ; I'll die.

I have a heart, two arms, a soul, a head ;

I'll lay that down ; I'll venture all ; s'foot, all !

Come, tread upon me, so that Moor may fall.

Car. By heaven, that Moor shall fall.

Phil. Thy hand and thine.

(Flings down his weapons.)

Give me but half your hearts, you have all mine ;

By heaven, shall he fall ?

Car. Yes, upon thee,

Like to the ruins of a tower, to grind

Thy body into dust. Traitor and bastard,

I do arrest thee of high treason.

Phil. Hah !

Traitor and bastard ! and by thee ! my weapons.

Car. Lay hands upon him !

Phil. Ah! you're best do so.

Car. Alvero, there's the warrant; to your hands
The prisoner is committed. Lords, let's part:
Look to him on your life. [*Exeunt Car. &c.*]

Manent PHILIP and ALVERO.

Phil. Heart! heart! heart! heart!
[*Tears the warrant.*]

The devil and his dam, the Moor and my mother,
Their warrant! I will not obey: old grey-beard,
Thou shalt not be my jailer; there's no prison,
No dungeon deep enough, no grates so strong,
That can keep in a man so mad with wrong.
What, dost thou weep?

Alv. I would fain shed a tear,
But from mine eyes so many show'rs are gone;
Grief drinks my tears so fast, that here's not one.
You must to prison.

Phil. Dost thou speak to me?

Alv. You must to prison.

Phil. And from thence to death.
I thought I should have had a tomb hung round
With tatter'd colours, broken spears; I thought
My body should have fallen down full of wounds;
But one can kill an emperor, fool, then why
Would'st thou have many? Curse, be mad, and die.
[*Exeunt.*]

Enter RODERIGO and CHRISTOPHERO; two bare-headed before them; CARDINAL alone; ZARACK and BALTAZAR bearing the Crown on a Cushion; ELEAZAR next; QUEEN MOTHER after him; other LORDS after her; ALVERO, sad, meets them.

Car. Alvero, 'tis the pleasure of the king,
Of the Queen Mother, and these honoured states,
To ease you of Philip; there's a warrant
Sent to remove him to a stronger guard.

Alv. I thank you, you shall rid me of much care.

Elea. Sit down and take your place.

Alv. If I might have the place I like best,
It should be my grave. (*Sits down, the Moors stand
aside with the crown: Eleazar, rising,
takes it.*)

Elea. Stand in my voice's reach, away!

Both Moors. We are gone. [*Exeunt.*]

Elea. Princes of Spain, if in this royal court
There sit a man, that having laid his hold
So fast on such a jewel, and dare wear it
In the contempt of envy, as I dare,
Yet uncompell'd (as freely as poor pilgrims
Bestow their prayers) would give such wealth away;
Let such a man step forth;—what, do none rise?
No, no, for kings indeed are deities;
And who'd not as the sun in brightness shine?
To be the greatest is to be divine.
Who among millions, would not be the mightiest
To sit in godlike state; to have all eyes
Dazzled with admiration, and all tongues
Shouting loud prayers; to rob every heart
Of love; to have the strength of ev'ry arm:
A sovereign's name, why 'tis a sovereign charm.
This glory round about me hath thrown beams;
I have stood upon the top of fortune's wheel,
And backward turn'd the iron screw of fate.
The destinies have spun a silken thread
About my life; yet, noble Spaniards, see
Hoc tantum tanti, thus I cast aside
The shape of majesty, and on my knee,
(*Kneels; the Cardinal fetches the crown and
sets it on the chair.*)

To this imperial state lowly resign
This usurpation; wiping off your fears
Which struck so hard upon me; let a hand,
A right and royal hand, take up this wreath
And guard it; right is of itself most strong;
No kingdom got by cunning can stand long.

Car. Proceed to new election of a king.

All. Agreed.

Elea. Stay, peers of Spain! if young Philippo
Be Philip's son, then is he Philip's heir;
Then must his royal name be set in gold;
Philip is then the diamond to that ring;
But if he be a bastard, here's his seat,
For baseness has no gall till it grow great:
First, therefore, let him bleed if he must bleed,
Yet in what vein you strike him best take heed;
The Portugal's his friend; you saw he came,
At holding up a finger, arm'd: this peace
Rid hence his dangerous friendship; he's at home;
But when he hears that Philip is ty'd up,
Yet hears not why, he'll catch occasion's lock,
And on that narrow bridge make shift to lead
A scrambling army through the heart of Spain:
Look to't; being in, he'll hardly out again.
Therefore, first prove and then proclaim him bastard.

Alv. How shall we prove it?

Elea. He that put him out to making
I am sure can tell; if not,
Then she that shap'd him can: here's the Queen
Mother,
Being prick'd in conscience, and preferring Spain
Before her own respect, will name the man.
If he be noble, and a Spaniard born,
He'll hide the apparent scars of their infamies,
With the white hand of marriage; that and time
Will eat the blemish off: say, shall it?

All. No.

Car. Spaniard or Moor, the saucy slave shall die.

Hor. Death is too easy for such villany.

Elea. Spaniard or Moor, the saucy slave shall die.
I would he might; I know myself am clear
As is the new-born infant. Madam, stand forth;
Be bold to speak, shame in the grave wants sense,
Heaven with sin's greatest forfeits can dispense.

Q. Mo. Would I were cover'd with the veil of night,
You might not see red shame sit on my cheeks;

But being Spain's common safety stands for truth,
Hiding my weeping eyes, I blush and say,
Philippo's father sits here.

Rod. Here! name him.

Q. Mo. The Lord Mendoza did beget that son;
Oh! let not this dishonour further run.

Alv. What, Cardinal Mendoza?

Q. Mo. Yes, yes, even he.

Elea. Spaniard or Moor, the saucy slave shall die.

Car. I Philip's father!

(Comes down, the rest confer.)

Q. Mo. Nay, deny me not; *(Aside to Mendoza.)*
Now may a kingdom and my love be got.

Car. Those eyes and tongue bewitch me, shame lie
here;

That love has sweetest taste that is bought dear.

Chris. What answers Lord Mendoza to the queen?

Car. I confess guilty, Philip is my son;
Her majesty hath nam'd the time and place.

Alv. To you but not to us; go forward madam.

Q. Mo. Within the circle of twice ten years since,
Your deceas'd king made war in Barbary,
Won Tunis, conquer'd Fesse, and hand to hand
Slew great Abdella, king of Fesse, and father
To that Barbarian prince.

Elea. I was but young, but now methinks
I see my father's wounds: poor Barbaria!
No more.

Q. Mo. In absence of my lord, mourning his want,
To me alone being in my private walk,
I think at Salamanca:—yes, 'twas there;
Enters Mendoza, under shew of shrift*,
Threatens my death if I deny'd his lust,—
In fine, by force he won me to his will:
I wept and cry'd for help, but all in vain,
Mendoza there abus'd the bed of Spain.

Elea. Spaniard or Moor, the saucy slave shall die.

(Aside.)

* "Under shew of shrift"—under the pretext of coming to hear me confess.

Alv. Why did not you complain of this vile act?

Q. Mo. Alas! I was alone, young, full of fear,
Bashful and doubtful of my own defame;
Knowing king Philip rash and jealous,
I hid his sins thinking to hide my shame.

Hor. What says the cardinal?

Car. Such a time there was;
'Tis past: I'll make amends with marriage.
And satisfy with trentals†, dirges, prayers,
The offending spirit of the wronged king.

(*Queen and they talk.*)

Elea. Spaniard or Moor the saucy slave shall die.
Oh! 'twould seem best it should be thus, Mendoza;
She to accuse, I urge, and both conclude
Your marriage, like a comic interlude.
Lords, will you hear this hateful sin confess'd,
And not impose upon the ravisher death,
The due punishment? Oh! it must be so.

Alv. What does the queen desire?

Q. Mo. Justice, revenge,
On vile Mendoza for my ravishment.
I kiss the cold earth with my humble knees,
From whence I will not rise till some just hand
Cast to the ground the traitor cardinal.

All. Stand forth, Mendoza.

Elea. Swells your heart so high?
Down, lecher; if you will not stand, then lie.

Car. You have betray'd me, by my too much trust;
I never did this deed of rape and lust.

Rod. Your tongue confess'd it.

Car. True, I was entic'd.

Elea. Entic'd! do you believe that?

Q. Mo. Justice, lords;
Sentence the cardinal for his hateful sin.

Alv. We will assemble all the states of Spain.
And as they judge so justice shall be done.

Elea. A guard:—to prison with the cardinal.

† "*Trentals*"—thirty masses on the same account.

Enter ZARACK, BALTAZAR, and others.

Car. Damn'd slave, my tongue shall go at liberty
To curse thee, ban that strumpet; dogs keep off.

Elea. Hist! hist! on! on!

Q. Mo. I cannot brook his sight.

Alv. You must to prison, and be patient.

Car. Weep'st thou, Alvero? all struck dumb? my
fears

Are that those drops will change to bloody tears.

This woman, and this serpent—

Q. Mo. Drag him hence.

Car. Who dares lay hands upon me? Lords of
Spain,

Let your swords bail me: this false queen did lie.

Elea. Spaniard or Moor, the saucy slave shall die.

Car. I'll fight thee, damn'd hell-hound, for my life.

Elea. Spaniard or Moor, the saucy slave shall die.

Car. I'll prove upon thy head—

Elea. The slave shall die.

Car. Lords, stop this villain's throat.

Elea. Shall die, shall die.

Car. Hear me but speak.

Elea. Away.

Alv. Words are ill spent,

Where wrong sits judge; you're arm'd if innocent.

Car. Well then, I must to prison: Moor, no more.
Heavens thou art just! Prince Philip I betray'd,
And now fall myself; guile with guile is paid. [*Exit.*

Q. Mo. Philip being prov'd a bastard, who shall sit
Upon this empty throne?

Elea. Strumpet! not you.

Q. Mo. Strumpet! and I not sit there! who then?

Elea. Down!

Back! if she touch it she'll bewitch the chair;

This throne belongs to Isabel the fair.

Bring forth the princess dress'd in royal robes,

The true affecter of Alvero's son,

Virtuous Hortenzo. Lords, behold your queen.

Enter ISABELLA in Royal Robes, and HORTENZO.

Q. Mo. Thou villain, what intend'st thou? savage slave!

Elea. To advance virtue thus, and thus to tread
On lust, on murder, on adultery's head.
Look, lords, upon your sovereign Isabel;
Tho' all may doubt the fruits of such a womb—
Is she not like king Philip? Let her rule.

Q. Mo. She rule!

Elea. She rule—aye, she.

Q. Mo. A child to sway an empire? I'm her protectress;
I'll pour black curses on thy damned head,
If thou wrongst me. Lords! lords!

Elea. Princes of Spain,
Be deaf, be blind: hear not, behold her not;
She kill'd my virtuous wife.

Q. Mo. He kill'd your king.

Elea. 'Twas in my just wrath.

Q. Mo. 'Twas to get his crown.

Elea. His crown! why here 'tis: thou slew'st my
Maria,
To have access to my unstained bed.

Q. Mo. Oh, heaven!

Elea. 'Tis true: how often have I stopp'd
Thy unchaste songs from passing thro' mine ears!
How oft, when thy luxurious arms have twin'd
About my jetty neck, have I cry'd out,
Away, those scalding veins burn me: 'tis true.

Q. Mo. Devil, 'tis a lie.

Elea. Thou slew'st my sweet Maria;
Alvero, 'twas thy daughter, 'twas; Hortenzo,
She was thy sister; justice, Isabella;
'This serpent poison'd thy dear father's bed,
Setting large horns on his imperial head.

Q. Mo. Hear me!

Elea. Hah! why?

Alv. Madam, you shall be heard.

Before the courts, before the courts of Spain.

Elea. A guard ! a guard !

Enter two MOORS, and others.

Q. Mo. A guard ! for what ? for whom ?

Hor. To wait on you ;

So many great sins must not wait with few.

Q. Mo. Keep me in prison ! dare you, lords ?

Alv. Oh no !

Were your cause strong, we wou'd not arm you so ;

But honour fainting needeth many hands,

Kingdoms stand safe, when mischief lies in bands.

You must to prison.

[*Exeunt.*

Q. Mo. Must I ! must I ! Slave,

I'll damn thee, ere thou triumph'st o'er my grave.

[*Exeunt, with a guard.*

Manet ELEAZAR.

Elea. Do, do, my jocund spleen !—

It does, it will, it shall. I have, at one throw,

Rifled away the diadem of Spain ;

'Tis gone, and there's no more to set* but this

At all ; then, at this last cast, I'll sweep up

My former petty losses, or lose all,

Like to a desperate gamester.

Enter ZARACK.

Hah ! how ? fast ?

Zar. Except their bodies turn to airy spirits,

And fly thro' windows, they are safe, my lord :

If they can eat thro' locks and bars of iron,

They may escape ; if not, then not.

Elea. Oh, Zarack ;

Wit is a thief ; there's pick-lock policy,

To whom all doors fly open ; therefore, go,

In our name charge the keeper to resign

* “*To set,*” is to *stake* ; the expression is proper to any game of chance.

His office ; and if he have tricks of cruelty,
Let him bequeath e'm at his death, for, kill him.

Turn all thy body into eyes,

And watch them ; let those eyes, like fiery comets,
Sparkle out nothing but the death of kings.

And ah ! now thus : thou know'st I did invent
A torturing iron chain.

Zar. Oh, for necks, my lord.

Elea. Aye ; that, that, that ; away, and yoke them,
—stay.

Enter BALTAZAR.

Here's Baltazar : go both, teach them to preach
Through an iron pillory. I'll spread a net

To catch Alvero ; oh, he is old and wise ;

They are unfit to live, that have sharp eyes.

Hortenzo, Roderigo, to't, to't : all

They have supple knees, sleek'd brows, but hearts of
gall ;

The bitterness shall be wash'd off with blood :

Tyrants swim safest in a crimson flood.

Bal. I come to tell your grace, that Isabella
Is with Hortenzo arm and arm at hand ;

Zarack and I may kill them now with ease.

Is't done, and then, 'tis done.*

Zar. Murther thou the man,
And I'll stab her.

Elea. No, I'll speed† her myself.

Arm in arm, so, so ; look upon this ring ;

Whoever brings this token to your hands,

Regard not for what purpose, seize on them,

And chain them to the rest : they come, away.

Murder be proud, and tragedy laugh on,

I'll seek a stage for thee to jet‡ upon.

* This will be sufficiently plain to the reader who is acquainted with "Macbeth ;" and who is not acquainted with him ?

"If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly." *Macbeth*, a. 1. s. 8.

† "*Speed*"—to destroy, to kill.

‡ "*Jet*"—to strut.

*Enter ISABELLA and HORTENZO; seeing the Moor,
they turn back.*

Elea. My lord, my lord, Hortenzo.

Hor. Hah! is't you?

Trust me I saw you not.

Elea. What makes your grace so sad?

Hor. She grieves for the imprison'd queen, her
mother,

And for Philip; in the sandy heap

That wait upon an hour, there are not found

So many little bodies, as those sighs

And tears which she hath every minute spent,

Since her lov'd brother felt imprisonment.

Elea. Pity, great pity; would it lay in me
To give him liberty.

Isa. It does.

Elea. In me!

Free him, your mother queen, and cardinal too.

In me! alas! not me; no, no; in you:

Yet, for I'll have my conscience white and pure,

Here, madam, take this ring; and if my name

Can break down castle-walls and open gates,

Take it, and do't; fetch them all forth,—and yet

'Tis unfit you should go.

Hor. That happy office I'll execute myself.

Elea. Will you? Would I

Stood gracious in their sight. Well, go,

Do what you will: Hortenzo, if this charm

Unbinds them, here 'tis—(*Gives a ring.*)—Lady, you
and I

Aloof will follow him, and when we meet

Speak for me, for I'll kiss Philippo's feet.

Hor. I shall be proud to see all reconcil'd.

Elea. Alas, my lord! why true; go, go. [*Exit Hor.*]

Isa. Make haste, dear love.

Elea. Hortenzo is a man

Compos'd of sweet proportion; has a foot,

A leg, a hand, a face, an eye, a wit,

The best, Hortenzo, in the Spanish court.

Oh ! he's the nonpareil.

Isa. Your tongue had wont
To be more sparing in Hortenzo's praise.

Elea. Ah ! I may curse his praises, rather ban
Mine own nativity : why did this colour
Dart in my flesh so far ! Oh ! would my face
Were of Hortenzo's fashion ; else would yours
Were as black as mine is.

Isa. Mine like yours, why ?

Elea. Hark,—
I love you ; yes, faith, I said this, I love you ;
I do ; leave him.

Isa. Damnation,—vanish from me.

Elea. Coy !
Were you as hard as flint, oh ! you should yield
Like soften'd wax ; were you as pure as fire,
I'd touch you ; yes, I'll taint you : see you this,
I'll bring you to this lure.

Isa. If I want hands
To kill myself before thou do'st it, do.

Elea. I'll cut away your hands. Well, my desire
Is raging as the sea, and mad as fire.
Will you ?

Isa. Torment me not, good devil.

Elea. Will you ?

Isa. I'll tear mine eyes out if they tempt thy lust.

Elea. Do.

Isa. Touch me not ; these knives—

Elea. Ah, ah : kill yourself,
Because I jest with you. I wrong Hortenzo.
Settle your thoughts, 'twas but a trick, to try
That which few women have, true constancy.

Isa. If then my speeches taste of gall—

Elea. Nay, faith,
You are not bitter ; no ; you should have rail'd,
Have spit upon me, spurn'd me ; you are not bitter :
Why, do you think that I'd nurse a thought,
To hurt your honour ? If that thought had brains
I'd beat them out. But come ; by this Hortenzo
Is fast.

Isa. Hah! fast?

Elea. Aye, fast in Philip's arms;
Wrestling together for the price of love;
By this they're on the way: I'll be your guard;
Come follow me; I'll lead you in the van,
(*Aside.*) Where thou shalt see four chins upon one
chain. [Exeunt.

Enter HORTENZO, QUEEN MOTHER, CARDINAL, *and*
PHILIP, *chained by the Necks.* ZARACK *and* BAL-
TAZAR, *busy about fastening* HORTENZO.

Hor. You damned ministers of villany,
Sworn to damnation by the book of hell;
You maps of night, you element of devils,
Why do you yoke my neck with iron chains?

Bel. Many do borrow chains, but you have this,
Gratis, for nothing.

Car. Slaves, unbind us.

Both. No. [Exeunt two Moors.

Phil. I am impatient; veins, why crack you not,
And tilt your blood into the face of heaven,
To make red clouds like ensigns in the sky,
Displaying a damn'd tyrant's cruelty!
Yet can I laugh in my extremest pangs
Of blood and spirit, to see the cardinal
Keep rank with me; and my vile mother queen,
To see herself where she would have me seen.
Good fellowship i'faith.

Hor. And I can tell,
True misery loves a companion well.

Phil. Thou left'st me to the mercy of a Moor,
That hath damnation dy'd upon his flesh;
'Twas well; thou, mother, didst unmotherly
Betray thy true son to false bastardy;
Thou left'st me then, now thou art found and staid,
And thou who did'st betray me art betray'd.
A plague upon you all!

Car. Thou cursest them,
Whom I may curse: first, may I curse myself,
Too credulous of loyalty and love;

Next may I curse the Moor, more than a devil;
And last thy mother, mother of all evil.

Q. Mo. All curses and all crosses light on thee!
What need I curse myself when all curse me.

I have been deadly impious I confess,
Forgive me, and my sin will seem the less.

This heavy chain which now my neck assaults,
Weighs ten times lighter than my heavy faults.

Phil. Hortenzo, I commend myself to thee;
Thou that art near'st, stand'st furthest off from me.

Hor. That mould of hell, that Moor, has chain'd
me here;

'Tis not myself, but Isabel I fear.

Enter ELEAZAR, ISABELLA, ZARACK, and BALTAZAR.

Elea. It's strange!
Will not prince Philip come with Hortenzo?

Car. He swears he'll live and die there.

Elea. Marry, and shall. (*Aside.*)
I pray persuade him, you, to leave the place.
A prison! why it's hell. Alas, here they be!
Hah! they are they i'faith; see, see, see, see.

All. Moor, devil, toad, serpent!

Elea. Oh, sweet airs, sweet voices!

Isa. Oh, my Hortenzo!

Elea. Do not these birds sing sweetly, Isabella?
Oh! how their spirits would leap aloft and spring,
Had they their throats at liberty to sing!

Phil. Damnation dog thee.

Car. Furies follow thee.

Q. Mo. Comets confound thee.

Hor. And hell swallow thee.

Elea. Sweeter and sweeter still. Oh, harmony!
Why there's no music like to misery.

Isa. Hast thou betray'd me thus?

Elea. Not I, not I.

Phil. Sirrah! hedge-hog.

Elea. Hah! I'll hear thee presently.

Isa. Hear me then, hell-hound ; slaves unchain my love,

Or by—

Elea. By what ? Is't not rare walking here
Methinks this stage shews like a tennis-court ;
Does it not Isabel ? I'll shew thee how.
Suppose that iron chain to be the line,
The prison doors the hazard, and their heads,
Scarce peeping o'er the line, suppose the
Had I a racket now of burnish'd steel,
How smoothly could I bandy every ball
Over this globe of earth, win set and all.

Phil. How brisk the villain jets in villany.

Elea. Prating ! he's proud because he wears a chain :

Take it off, Baltazar, and take him hence.

(*They unbind him.*)

Phil. And whither then, you dog ?

Isa. Pity my brother.

Elea. Pity him ! no ; away !

Phil. I pray thee kill me : come, do come.

Elea. I hope to see

Thy own hands do that office. Down with him !

Phil. Is there another hell ?

Moors. Try, try ; he's gone. (*Puts him down.*)

Elea. So him next, he next, and next him ; and then—

All. Worse than damnation ! fiend, monster of men !

Elea. Why, when ?* Down, down !

Car. Slave, as thou thrust me down
Into this dungeon, so sink thou to hell.

Q. Mo. Amen, amen.

* “*Why, when.*” —An expression of impatience, of frequent occurrence in our old Dramatists ; thus Massinger—

Sot. “In the name of wonder,
What's Cæsar's purpose ?”

Æsop. There's no contending.

Cæs. Why, when ?

Elea. Together so; and you.

Isa. O pity my Hortenzo!

Hor. Farewell, my Isabel; my life, adieu.

All. Mischief and horror, let the Moor pursue!

Elea. A concert! that amain*; play that amain;
Amain, amain. No; so soon fallen asleep!
Nay, I'll not lose this music; sirrah, sirrah,
Take thou a drum, a trumpet thou; and hark,
Mad thou them with villanous sounds.

Zar. Rare sport; let's go.

[*Exeunt Zarack and Baltazar.*]

Elea. About it: music will do well in woe.
How like you this?

Isa. Set my Hortenzo free,
And I'll like any thing.

Elea. A fool, a fool.
Hortenzo free! why look you; he free! no;
Then must he marry you; you must be queen,
He, in a manner, king; these dignities,
Like poison, make men swell; this ratsbane honour,
Oh, 'tis so sweet! they'll lick it till all burst:
He will be proud; and pride you know, must fall.
Come, come, he shall not; no, no, 'tis more meet
To keep him down safe standing on his feet.

Isa. Eleazar!

Elea. Mark the imperial chair of Spain
Is now as empty as a miser's alms:
Be wise, I yet dare sit in't; it's for you,
If you will be for me; there's room for two.
Do meditate; muse on't; it's best for thee
To love me, live with me, and lie with me.

Isa. Thou know'st I'll first lie in the arms of death.
My meditations are how to revenge
Thy bloody tyrannies. I fear thee not,
Inhuman slave! but to thy face defy
Thy lust, thy love, thy barbarous villany.

Elea. Zarack.

† "*Amain*"—with force, vigour, energy, vehemence.

Enter ZARACK.

Zar. My lord.

Elea. Where's Baltazar?

Zar. A drumming.

Elea. I have made them rave, and curse; and so guard her.

Your court shall be this prison: guard her, slaves,
With open eyes: defy me! see my veins
Stretch'd out, being over-heated with my blood,
Boiling in wrath; I'll tame you.

Isa. Do, do.

Elea. Hah,

I will! and once more fill a kingdom's throne.
Spain, I'll new mould thee: I will have a chair
Made all of dead men's bones, and the ascents
Shall be the heads of Spaniards set in ranks:
I will have Philip's head, Hortenzo's head,
Mendoza's head, thy mother's head, and this;
This head, that is so cross, I'll have't.
The scene wants actors; I'll fetch more, and clothe it
In rich cothurnall* pomp: a tragedy
Ought to be grave; graves this shall beautify.
Moor, execute to th' life my dread commands:
Vengeance, awake, thou hast much work in hand.

[*Exit.*

Zar. I'm weary of this office and this life;
It is too thirsty, and I would your blood
Might 'scape the filling out. By heaven, I swear,
I scorn these blows and his rebukes to bear.

Isa. Oh! Zarack, pity me; I love thee well;
Love deserves pity; pity Isabel.

Zar. What would you have me do?

Isa. To kill this Moor.

Zar. I'll cast an eye of death upon my face,
I'll be no more his slave: swear to advance me,
And by yon setting sun, this hand, and this,

* *Cothurnall*—i. e. tragic.

Shall rid you of a tyrant.

Isa. By my birth,
No Spaniard's honour'd place shall equal thine.

Zar. I'll kill him then.

Isa. And Baltazar.

Zar. And he.

Isa. I pray thee, first fetch Philip and Hortenzo
Out of that hell; they two will be most glad
To aid thee in this execution.

Zar. My lord Philippo, and Hortenzo rise;
Your hands; (*He raises Philippo and Hortenzo
from below.*) so, talk to her: at my return,
This sword shall reek with blood of Baltazar.

[*Exit.*

Phil. Three curses (like three commendations
To their souls) I send: thy tortur'd brother
Does curse the cardinal, the Moor, thy mother.

Isa. Curse not at all! dear souls, revenge is hot,
And boils in Zarack's brains; the plot is cast
Into the mould of hell: you freemen are:
Zarack will kill the Moor and Baltazar.

Hor. How can that relish?

Isa. Why, I'll tell you how:—
I did profess, aye, and protested too,
I lov'd him well; what will not sorrow do!
Then he profess'd, aye, and protested too,
To kill them both; what will not devils do!

Phil. Then I profess'd, aye, and protest it too,
That here's for him; what will not Philip do!

Hor. See, where he comes.

Enter the two MOORS.

Bal. Zarack, what do I see?
Hortenzo and Philippo! who did this?

Zar. I, Baltazar.

Bal. Thou art half damn'd for it;*

* In the original, the remainder of this play is jumbled together in strange confusion.

I'll to my lord.

Zar. I'll stop you on your way;
Lie there, thy tongue shall tell no tales to-day.

(*Stabs him.*)

Phil. Nor thine to-morrow, this revenge was well;

(*Stabs him.*)

By this time both the slaves shake hands in hell.

Isa. Philip and Hortenzo, stand you still?
What doat you both? Cannot you see your play?

Well fare a woman then to lead the way.

Once rob the dead; put the Moors habits on,

And paint your faces with the oil of hell:

So, waiting on the tyrant—

Phil. Come, no more,

'Tis here and here: room there below; stand wide;

Bury them well since they so godly died.

Hor. Away then; fate now let revenge be plac'd.

Phil. Here.

Hor. And here; a tyrant's blood doth sweetly
taste. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter ELEAZAR, ALVERO, RODERIGO, CHRISTOPHERO,
and other LORDS.*

Elea. What, I imprison! Who?

All. Philip and Hortenzo.

Elea. Philip and Hortenzo! ha, ha, ha.

Rod. Why laughs the Moor?

Elea. I laugh because you jest:

Laugh at a jest. Who, I imprison them?

Surprise their lives with weights, their necks with
chains,

Their hands with manacles! do I all this?

Because my face is in night's colour dyed,

Think you my conscience and my soul is so?

Black faces may have hearts as white as snow;

And 'tis a general rule in moral rules,

The whitest faces have the blackest souls.

Alv. But touching my Hortenzo—

Elea. Good old man,

I never touch'd him; do not touch me then
With thy Hortenzo.

Chris. Where's Philip too?

Elea. And where's Philippo too?

I pray, I pray, is Philip a tame Spaniard?

What, can I philip him hither, hither make him fly?

First, where's Hortenzo? Where's Philippo too?

Rod. And where is Isabel? She was with you.

Elea. And where is Isabel? She was with me.

Enter PHILIP and HORTENZO like Moors.

And so are you; yet are you well, you see:

But in good time, see where their keeper's come.

Come hither, Zarack; Baltazar, come hither:

Zarack, old lord Alvero asks of thee

Where young Hortenzo is.

Hor. My lord, set free.

Elea. Oh! is he so? Come hither, Baltazar:

Lord Christophero here would ask of thee,

Where prince Philippo is.

Phil. My lord, set free.

Elea. Oh! is he so? Roderigo asketh me for
Isabel.

Phil. I say, my lord, she's free.

Elea. Oh! is she so?

Phil. Believe me, lords.

Hor. And me.

Phil. I set Philippo—

Hor. I, Hortenzo free.

Elea. My lords, because you shall believe me too,
Go to the castle, I will follow you.

Alv. Thanks to the mighty Moor; and for his
fame,

Be more in honour than thou art in name:

But let me wish the other prisoners well,

The queen and cardinal; let all have right;

Let law absolve them, or dissolve them quite.

Elea. Grave man, thy grey hairs paint out gravity;
Thy counsel, wisdom, thy wit, policy.

There let us meet, and with a general brain
Erect the peace of spirit, and of Spain.

Alv. Then will Spain flourish.

Elea. Aye, when it is mine. (*Aside.*)

Rod. Oh, heavenly meeting!

Elea. (*Aside.*) We must part in hell.

Chris. True peace of joy. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter ELEAZAR, PHILIP, and HORTENZO.

Elea. 'Tis a dissembling knell;

Farewell, my lords; meet there; so, ha, ha, ha.

(*Draws his Rapier.*)

Now tragedy, thou minion of the night,
Rhamnusia's pew-fellow, to thee I'll sing
Upon a harp made of dead Spanish bones,
The proudest instrument the world affords;
When thou in crimson jollity shalt bathe
Thy limbs, as black as mine, in springs of blood
Still gushing from the conduit head of Spain.
To thee, that never blushest, though thy cheeks
Are full of blood—O Saint Revenge! to thee
I consecrate my murders, all my stabs,
My bloody labours, tortures, stratagems,
The volume of all wounds that wound from me;
Mine is the stage, thine is the tragedy.
Where am I now? Oh! at the prison; true.
Zarack and Baltazar, come hither; see,
Survey my library. I study—ah!
Whilst you two sleep; marry, 'tis villany.
Here's a good book, Zarack, behold it well,
It's deeply written, for 'twas made in hell:
Now, Baltazar, a better book for thee;
But, for myself, this, this, the best of all;
And, therefore, do I claim it every day,
For fear the readers steal the art away.
Where thou stand'st now, there must Hortenzo hang,
Like Tantalus in a maw-eating pang.
There, Baltazar, must prince Philip stand,
Like damn'd Prometheus: and to act his part,

Shall have a dagger sticking at his heart.
 But in my room I'll set the cardinal,
 And he shall preach repentance to them all.—
 Ha! ha! ha!

Phil. Damnation tickles him; he laughs again.
 Philip must stand there and bleed to death.
 Well, villain, I only laugh to see
 That we shall live to outlaugh him and thee. (*Aside.*)

Elea. Oh! fit, fit, fit! stay, a rare jest! rare jest!
 Zarack, suppose thou art Hortenzo now;
 I pray thee stand* in passion of a pang,
 To see, by thee, how quaintly he would hang.

Hor. (*Aside.*) I am Hortenzo; tut, tut, fear not
 man,
 Thou lookest like Zarack.

Elea. Aye, Hortenzo,
 He shall hang here i'faith; come, Zarack, come,
 And, Baltazar, take thou Philip's room:
 First let me see you plac'd.

Phil. We're plac'd.

Elea. Slaves; ha! ha! ha!
 You are but players, they must end the play;
 How like Hortenzo and Philip! ha!
 Stand my two slaves, were they as black as you.
 Well, Zarack, I'll unfix thee first of all,
 Thou shalt help me to play the cardinal:
 This iron engine on his head I'll clap,
 Like a pope's mitre, or a cardinal's cap;
 Then manacle his hands, as thou dost mine;
 So, so, I pray thee, Zarack, set him free,
 That both of you may stand and laugh at me.

Phil. 'Tis fine, i'faith; call in more company;
 Alvero, Roderigo, and the rest:
 Who will not laugh at Eleazar's jest?

Elea. What? Zarack, Baltazar!

Phil. Ah! anon, anon;
 We have not laugh'd enough, it's but begun.
 (*Knocking.*)

* *I pray thee stand*—This line is appears corrupt; but as a sense may be extracted from it, we were lothe to tamper with the text.

Who knocks?

Elea. Unmanacle my hands, I say.

Phil. Then shall we mar our mirth, and spoil the play.
(*Knocking again.*)

Who knocks?

Alv. (Within.) Alvero.

Phil. Let Alvero in.

Elea. And let me out.

Enter all from below.

Phil. I thank you for that flout;*
To let Alvero in, and let you out.

Elea. Villains! slaves! am not I your lord, the Moor,
And Eleazar?

Q. Mo. And the devil of hell;
And more than that, and Eleazar too.

Elea. And, devil's dam, what do I here with you?

Q. Mo. My tongue shall torture thee.

Elea. I know thee then;
All women's tongues are tortures unto men.

Q. Mo. Spaniards, this was the villain; this is he,
Who, through enticements of alluring lust
And glory, which makes silly women proud,
And men malicious, did incense my spirit
Beyond the limits of a woman's mind
To wrong myself, and that lord cardinal,
And that which sticks more near unto my blood,
He that was nearest to my blood, my son,
To dispossess him of his right by wrong:
Oh! that I might embrace him on this breast,
Which did enclose him when he first was born:
No greater happiness can heaven show'r upon me,
Than to circle in these arms of mine
That son whose royal blood I did defame,
To crown with honour an ambitious Moor.

* *Flout*:—Mockery.

Phil. Thus, then, thy happiness is complete ;
(*Embraces her.*)

Behold thy Philip ransom'd from that prison,
In which the Moor had cloistered him.

Hor. And here's Hortenzo.

Elea. Then I am betrayed and conzen'd
In my own designs; I did contrive
Their ruin, but their subtle policy
Hath blasted my ambitious thoughts. Villains!
Where's Zarack? Where's Baltazar?
What have you done with them?

Phil. They're gone to Pluto's kingdom, to provide
A place for thee, and to attend thee here;
But, lest they should be tir'd with too long
Expecting hopes, come, brave spirits of Spain,
This is the Moor, the actor of these evils;
Thus thrust him down to act among the devils.

(*Stabs him.*)

Elea. And am I thus despatch'd!
Had I but breath'd the space of one hour longer,
I would have fully acted my revenge:
But, oh! now pallid death bids me prepare,
And haste to Charon for to be his fare.
I come, I come: but ere my glass is run,
I'll curse you all; and cursing end my life.
May'st thou, lascivious queen, whose damn'd charms
Bewitch'd me to the circle of thy arms,
Unpity'd die, consum'd with loathed lust,
Which thy venereous mind hath basely nurs'd.
And for you, Philip, may your days be long,
But clouded with perpetual misery:
May thou, Hortenzo, and thy Isabel,
Be fetch'd alive by furies into hell,
There to be damn'd for ever. Oh! I faint;
Devils, come claim your right, and when I am
Confined within your kingdom, then shall I
Out-act you all, in perfect villany. (*Dies.*)

Phil. Take down his body while his blood streams
forth;

His acts are past, and our last act is done.
Now do I challenge my hereditary right
To the royal Spanish throne, usurp'd by him,
In which, in all your sights, I thus do plant myself.
Lord Cardinal, and you the queen my mother,
I pardon all those crimes you have committed.

Q. Mo. I'll now repose myself in peaceful rest,
And fly unto some solitary residence,
Where I'll spin out the remnant of my life
In true contrition for my past offences.

Phil. And now, Hortenzo, to close up your wound,
I here contract my sister unto thee,
With comic joy to end a tragedy.
And for the barbarous Moor, and his black train,
Let all the Moors be banished from Spain.



FINIS.

W. GIBBERY AND CO. PRINTERS

W. OXBERRY AND CO. PRINTERS,
8, WHITE-HART-YARD.

W. OXBERRY AND CO. PRINTERS,
8, WHITE-HART-YARD.

Marlowe, Christopher,

Lust's Dominion a tragedy

London 1818

P.o.angl. 218 k#Beibd.3

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10747546-6